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No. 445

HURRAH FOR THE COUNTRY!

BY OCTOBER JAMES.

Hurrah for the country—the joyous, the free! Where the sunshine of heaven looks down on the

Where the wild breezes dally with each leafy tree, And the brow of the toiler by zephyrs is fanned No bustle of city, no hubbub of town, No dusty street bordered by mortar and brick; Through woodlands and meadows the roadway leads down Where daisies and buttercups blossom so thick.

Exchange thou the gaslights for beautiful stars!
Exchange thou the dust for the perfume of flow-

And the moonbeams shall spangle, with silvery Thy couch on the green grass in even's cool hours.

Hurrah for the country! pure air and blue sky!
Hurrah for the land which blooms freely for all!
Hurrah for the breezes which merrily by
Waft bird-notes of music, and trout brooklets'
fall!

The Winning Oar;

THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of Boston and of Cambridge, of the College boys of Harvard, of the great boatrace, of woman's love, man's treachery, and sisterly devotion.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "THE POLICE SPY," "OVERLAND KIT," "INJUN DICK," "WOLF DEMON,"
"THE WHITE WITCH," "PRETTY MISS NELL," "THE OWLS OF NEW YORK,"
"SUNDOWN," "THE GIRLS OF NDOWN," "THE GIRLS OF NEW ORLEANS," ETC.

> CHAPTER I. THE BLACK SHEEP.

OF all the pretty cities of New England—almost as renowned for handsome towns as the old England from whence it takes its name—not a single smiling hamlet can surpass fair Cambridge, which, with its thirty odd thousand people, is yet as truly a rural village as in the days of yore when it could boast but a scant ten thousand.

ten thousand.

As fair a suburb, too, as old Boston can boast,
Brookline and the Highland District to the contrary notwithstanding; the site of great Harvard college—the home of a full thousand of
eminent men, renowned in scholarship, in commerce, and in politics; yet to the boys of Harvard the pretty town owes most of its renown. vard the pretty town owes most of its renown; and of these lads of Harvard—the wearers of the crimson handkerchiefs, which they have bravely carried to the front in many a hardfought race—we are about to relate a story so weird and strange, so improbable, at the first glance, that, if we did not know the incidents to

glance, that, if we did not know the incidents to be truth itself, we should hesitate to commit the facts to ever-living print.

On a certain bright May morning, in the year— Well, never mind the year; perhaps it is as well not to deal too closely with figures; but the stirring events which we are about to chronicle are still so fresh in the memories of the world at large that any one who peruses this recital, and is at all familiar with the histhis recital, and is at all familiar with the history of the contests between Yale and Harvard for the championship of the waters, will surely be able to fix the date as accurately as though I had written it—a tall, good-looking, well-dressed fellow got off a railway train at the little station on the Brighton road, which used to be called Cambridge Crossing, but is now dignified by a more sounding appellation, and walked slowly down the road which led into Cambridgeport (as the lower part of the town is called) by means of a bridge over the Charles river. This structure is generally known as the Brighton bridge, the second one spanning the river as you ascend it from the broad bay below, the first one being known as the Cottage Farms bridge.

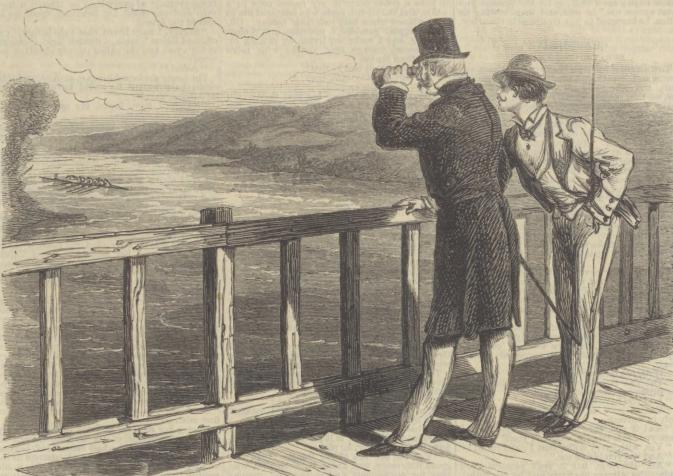
Farms bridge.

As we have said, this young man was a tall, well-dressed fellow—in fact, a little too well-dressed for good taste; he displayed altogether too much jewelry; diamond studs glittered in his shirt-front, a costly pin of the same brilliant gem held together the folds of his scarf, a small fortune in diamonds he wore in the shape of rings upon his slender, white, aristocratic fingers; the watch-chain that ornamented the front of his snowy-white vest was as thick around as one's finger, and as he drew forth his timepiece to ascertain the hour, a careful observer would have seen that it, too, was richly adorned with precious gems—a tiny little bit of

adorned with precious gems—a tiny little bit of a thing, fit only for a lady and utterly out of place in the possession of a gentleman. At first glance one would have said that this very much dressed gentleman was a handsome fellow, for he had curly hair, black as jet, care-fully oiled and arranged; a white arranged; fully oiled and arranged; a white, aristocratic-looking face, regular in its features, with the exception of the nose, which was slightly curved; exception of the flose, which was signify cirved; the lips were rather thin and bloodless, and there was a hard, cruel expression about the eyes and mouth which could hardly be perceived at first, but to a close examiner it would have been perceptible, although the man took the greatest care to conceal it. A perfect actor was this individual, although no stage-player, and from an early age he had trained his features to conceal, and not to betray, the feelings of his

Of good old blue Boston "cultus" blood came this gentleman, and yet his enemies said that he was a black sheep if ever there was one in this

He was called Harrison Grahame, but in the He was called Harrison Graname, but in the sporting world, where acute "sharps" most do congregate, he was far better known as Harry Gray, for thus he abbreviated his name when "on the turf." He had wit enough to understand that it was no creditable thing for a blueblooded Boston gentleman, a Beacon-Hillite born and bred, to appear in the public prints as



With the regularity of clockwork the eight oars rose and fell, the stroke-oar keeping a vigilant eye upon the rest-

—why, Harry Gray could do anything, and no one of the fashionable circle in which he moved would be the wiser for it.

would be the wiser for it.

Carelessly flourishing the light gold-headed switch he carried, he strode along with a lengthy stride, apparently at peace with himself and all the world, and yet there was a look upon his face, every now and then, that would have betrayed to a close observer that he was far from being easy in his mind.

It did not take Mr. Harry Gray long to cover the distance which intervened between the railway station and the Brighton bridge over the Charles river, and as he approached the bridge the mysterious actions of a man on the upper side of the structure excited his attention.

This person was well on in years, with a hard,

side of the structure excited his attention.

This person was well on in years, with a hard, wiry face, ornamented with a huge nose, very red at the tip, a pair of shrewd little gray-green eyes, a bristling iron-gray mustache, and small side-whiskers of the same hue. He was dressed very soberly, in complete black—the cut of the garments, though, being of a rather ancient type; and he wore an old-fashioned stand-up collar, a dickey, as it used to be called, encompassed by a stiff black stock necktie, which gave the wearer a semi-military look; and this was the wearer a semi-military look; and this was rather enchanced, too, by a peculiar, erect car-riage natural to the man, an odd bearing to the ead, and a sort of a military strut, so that one sed to the manner and style of old army officers would have pronounced the man to be a veteran

Under his arm he carried a light cane ornamented with a little cord and tassel; no modern

mented with a little cord and tassel; no modern stick, evidently, from this peculiarity.

What attracted the attention of the newcomer was that the old gentleman had a field-glass in his hand, and was busily engaged in surveying the upper part of the river.

"By Jove! it is the veteran!" Grahame exclaimed, as he came on; "but, what on earth is he up to?" but hardly had he asked the question when the answer occurred to him. "What an idiot I am!" he continued. "This is the training-ground of the Harvard crew, and he is watching their stroke, just as, for the past week, at Lake Saltonstall, I have been watching the Yale boys in their training. I wonder which crew he has bet on? He's a shrewd old dodger, and is up to as many tricks as any man alive. and is up to as many tricks as any man alive If his money is invested on the right side per-haps I might be able to bring him into the scheme I have in view; he'd be no bad assistant, for he's as cunning as a fox and as heartless as a

By this time Grahame had reached the bridge, and as his footsteps, sounding on it, attracted the attention of the old man, he carelessly put his glass in his pocket, and adjusting a pair of glasses upon his nose turned to get a look at interloper.
Hallo, general!" exclaimed the young man,

Anio, general; exclaimed the young man, as he came up to him, "what brings you here? You're about the last man I expected to see!"

"Same to you, dear boy; same to you!" replied the old gentleman, flourishing his cane in the air and executing a military salute with it.

"Oh, I've some relatives residing in the town yonder, and I've just run on from New York for a visit." Grahame answered, shaking hands with the old gentleman, an operation on the part of the general which was performed with great

And now before I plunge deeper into the narrative I must give some account of this odd-looking old gentleman who is destined to play

the sporting gentleman, the high-spirited "Corinthian," who found the money to back the "Dublin Mouse" to box the "Pittsburg Chicken," or had his daring deeds chronicled as the plucky sport who broke the Twenty-third street faro bank in an eight hours' sitting.

Oh, no! the honored name of Harrison, so dear to Massachusetts annals—or Grahame, remembrance of ancient Scottish chivalry—must not be soiled in such a mauner; but Harry Gray could do anything, and no

heavy bettors, horse-owners, jockeys, etc., is termed. Not a genteel blackleg in the country — "Are you ready, gentlemen? Go." of the but knew the general, and there wasn't a color-ed guardian to the precincts of King Faro in the land but would at once display his "ivories" at the approach of the old gentleman, and gladly,

ral's grade in that struggle, and when asked as to his age, replied with great gravity that he was one hundred and ten years old, and that he fully expected to live to be a hundred and fifty at the least.

"Yes, but what brings you here!"
"Oh, friends in Boston—friends in Boston!"
the general replied, lightly swinging his switch

Yes, but what are you doing on this bridge?"
Merely taking the air."
With a field-glass, eh?"
Observing the scenery, that's all, dear boy!"
And you are not watching the Harvard

"Oh, what an idea!"
"See! here they come now!" and Grahame pointed up the stream, and the general instantly turned his keen, hawk-like eyes in the direction.
"I take a great deal of interest in this crew."

Yes; the stroke oar is my cousin, Otis Law-ce, or 'Bub' Lawrence as he is generally

A VILLAINOUS SCHEME.
"INDEED! you astonish me, dear boy!" the
general exclaimed.
The conversation was cut short by the ap-

proach of the crew. Down the stream and around the slight curve in the river came the Harvard boat, the light racing shell manned by its eight hardy, plucky oarsmen and its little dapper coxswain; for this year, after the English fashion which the Harvard boys had brought back with them from their brief visit across the water to Albion's shores, the race with Yale was to be rowed with

coxswains contrary to the usual American cus-

With the regularity of clockwork the eight oars rose and fell, the stroke-oar keeping a vigilant eye upon the rest of the crew and instruct-ing an individual member every now and then in regard to his pulling; in fact, acting as "coach" to the crew, contrary to the English custom where the "coach," an instructor of the crew, generally runs at full speed along the bank of the river thus keeping up with the boat and shouts his instructions at them. As for instance.

"Steady! No. 3! you bend your back too | the race."

And then, too, after passing the lower bridge there was a broad stretch of water, a couple of miles at the least, where they could exert their powers without danger of being so closely watched as in the narrow stream above.

Although merely playing at rowing, as it were, yet the long light shell shot under the bridge at a rapid page, the college boys stripped

bridge at a rapid pace—the college boys stripped naked to the waist, their skins tanned by the rays of the sun as brown almost as a red In-

old scamp as the country could very due.

How he came by the title of "general" no one knew, although there was a tradition—we say a tradition, as for the last twenty years the general had not altered apparently in the least, and no one knew anything more about him then than at present—that he was formerly an officer in the army, and had been cashiered for some questionable practices.

The general, when questioned upon the point, always insisted that he was one of the veterans of the war of 1812 and that he had won a general's grade in that struggle, and when asked as to his age, replied with great gravity that he was one hundred and ten years old, and that he was one hundred and ten years old, and that he condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the rest which in this life he never condemned to the wast, and their heads surmounted by the crimson handkerchief which so often had led the way, in many a hard-fought race, past the judge's stand.

Under the bridge darted the boat, emerged on the other side, and went flashing down the river, the four pair of oars moving with the regularity of time itself; past the old powder-house and its little dock on the Cambridge side, past flashing the proving the sum as brown almost as a red Indian's, and their heads surmounted by the crimson handkerchief which so often condemned to the rest which in this life he never gave—and myself learned, like the ancient Ro-mans, "to rise victorious over the wave;" under the Cottage Farms bridge and out into the broad bay beyond went the boat. Turning and leaning their backs against the

rail the two men from their point of vantage watched the boat until it disappeared under the

Brookline bridge.

The general by means of the field-glass had watched the crew very narrowly indeed, and as the boat disappeared from sight he closed the glass up and with a half-sigh returned it to his

The young man with his shrewd, cunning eyes had watched the old man narrowly and he

"Well, what do you think of the crew?" he asked; "a deuced good one, isn't it?" "Yes, dear boy, a very fine crew, indeed; the best crew that I have seen for many a long day. They are only just paddling along—just playing at pulling, you know—and yet they are making about thirty strokes to the minute."

And then for the first time the young man noticed that the general had his watch out and that he had been timing the boat.
"Well, that's pretty good," Grahame observed, as the general returned the watch to his

"Pretty good, dear boy!" exclaimed the old man, elevating his eyebrows; "well, I should say that it was pretty good! That crew, sir, on the day of the race, when pushed can make from forty-two to forty-six strokes to the minute, and put power in them, too. Did you notice how their stroke takes hold of the water, and what a splendid recovery they have, too? By the eternal Jove, sir! I don't believe that

It's a pity that you have bet heavily against

"It's a pity that you have bet heavily against them," Grahame observed, carelessly.

"Eh!" cried the general, sharply, turning in surprise; "how did you know that?"

"Oh, guessed it, that's all," answered Grahame. "I'm in the same boat; I stand to lose ten thousand dollars if the Harvard crew wins the race."

The deuce you do? Dear boy, you astonish

"The deuce you do? Dear boy, you astonish me!"

"Yes; I got picked up on the extraordinary odds offered. In one of the New York clubs I heard an old Harvard man boldly offer to bet three to one on crimson handkerchiefs, thirty to ten. I had seen the Yale crew at work and knew that they were a very fine crew, and I had heard, too, that the Harvards had only an indifferent set of men in their boat this year, so I jumped at the offer and booked it there and then, and a precious fool I was, too."

"That is truth, dear boy, these dark horses are terrible things to bet against, sometimes. I got picked up the same way. The odds offered struck me as being ridiculous, and so I invested; two thousand dollars, too, just think of it! That's a nice sum for a man of my age and experience to get fooled out of! After I had made the bet it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps I was a little too hasty, and so I took a run on here to look at the crew."

"Well, what do you think of your chance now!"

"Dear boy! that two thousand dollars is gone!" the general replied, with a solemn shake of the head. "To use the old sporting saying, it is Lombard street to a China orange that these fellows win. They can't lose except by accident."

dent."
"We had better 'hedge,' then, by betting
now that Harvard wins, and by laying sufficient
money we may be able to save ourselves." "A very bright thought, dear boy, and one that occurred to me yesterday, and I instantly telegraphed on to New York. This is the answer I received," and the general took a telegram from his pocket and handed it to Grahame.

The young man read it aloud:

The young man read it aloud: 'Odds four and five to one; no takers; no good.' "You see, my dear fellow, we are regularly let in for it." the general remarked, with a doleful air. "But you can stand it; ten thousand is a trifle to you, while two thousand is utter ruin to

Grahame made a wry face.

"My dear general, since it is probable that you and I will have to act together in this matter I may as well confess to you that I couldn't raise a thousand dollars in the world to save my life."

"You astound me!"
"It's the truth: I've been terribly unlucky of late; I am very deeply involved, indeed, and I relied upon this bet to help me out. Hark ye, general, I'm in a pretty bad box, and I've just made up my mind the Harvard crew have got to lose this race!"
"Difficult difficult dear how" cried the general."

"Difficult, difficult, dear boy," cried the general, with a wise shake of the head. "These college chaps have got such queer notions of honor and all that sort of thing. You can't buy 'em, you know, to 'throw' the race, like you can these common carsmen, once in a while."

"By fair means they can't lose and so by foul

"By fair means they can't lose and so by foul means they must" Grahame replied, a determined light shining in his eyes.
"Oho! I think I understand," the general

said, with a knowing wink, after a moment's pause; "this stroke-oar, your cousin, Bub did you say his name is? You can do something with him. He could manage the matter easily enough. Thirty thous'! Make him an offer to stand in with him; give him half the swag; fifteen thousand dollars ain't to be sneezed

'It would be as much as my life is worth to even hint at such a thing, for Bub is as fine an athlete as there is in the country, and he most surely would try to strangle me on the spot. A million in gold wouldn't buy him to 'throw' the

reflectively; "a remarkable man—and they are so scarce, too!"
"No: whatever is done must be done by come."

"No; whatever is done must be done by cunning and by trickery. Bub has one weak side, like all these muscular, big-hearted men. He is as simple and trusting as a child. He likes me, and believes me to be the best friend that he has on earth, when, in reality, I have hated him from boyhood as bitterly as possible. His very birth was a grievous wrong to me. I am some five years his senior. His father and my father five years his senior. His father and my father were brothers; my uncle was a rich man and a confirmed old bachelor, as all supposed, while my father was a poor man. Bub's father always liked me from my birth, and often said that I should be his heir, and then all of a sudden he took it into his head to get married. Bub was born, and of course that put my nose completely out of joint, although the old fellow when he died had the decency to leave me twenty thousand dollars, but what was that paltry sum comsand dollars, but what was that paltry sum compared to the half million which Bub and his sister, Helena, came in for?"

"Oho! dear boy, go for the sister!"
"That is exactly my game and that is partly
why I came here now. I have been paying
court to Helena for some time; she's a shy girl, court to Helena for some time; she's a shy girl, but I rather think she favors me. At any rate, she will not go against her brother if he advises her to accept. So, upon his decision all depends. If he says yes and accepts me as Helena's future husband, all will be well. I'll make a clean breast of how I stand and borrow some exercicle him to meet my debts, but if he recovery of him to meet my debts, but if he recovery. oney of him to meet my debts; but if he re-

And you think he will," added the general,

shrewdly.
"I'm afraid so," Grahame replied, with a lowering brow. "Well, if he refuses, then I'll lowering brow." owering brow. "Well, if he refuses, then I'll lo my best to ruin him and make his crew lose his race. He is mixed up in a love affair now

exclaimed the general, Well, it's an odd affair, and I'll explain it to

"Well, it's an odd affair, and I'll explain it to you as we walk along. Come with me up to old Cambridge. I am to meet Bub at five this afternoon at a certain place where the students resort, and after my interview with him, we can lay our plans, if I fail in my suit, as I think I will, despite Bub's friendship for me."

"Go ahead!" cried the general; "I am with you, dear boy, in anything to save my leetle two thousand."

Grahame, acquainted with the town, conducted his companion through the cross streets until they reached the main thoroughfare, the elmishaded Main street, up which they walked toward the colleges.

"Now to begin at the beginning I'll explain how I came to be so well posted in regard to Bub and his doings. One of his love affairs he himself confided to me and the other was told me in strict confidence by one of the college boys whom I met in New York last week. In regard to the first love affair, Bub boards in the house of a certain Dr. Artemas Peabody, a distant relation of our family, a scholar of great knowledge but of limited means. When Bub's father died he made this doctor a guardian over Bub—who was not of age them—and of his sister, who has just reached her majority. In fact, the old gentleman has acted as Bub's tutor ever since he was old enough to learn anything and has been to him more like a father than anything else. Now, the doctor has a daughter—a pretty, fawn-like girl, named Winifred. She has always been a great favorite of Bub's; being brought up together they have always been like a brother and sister. Well, now the last time I was on here I noticed that there was a slight change in the manner of the pair toward each other, and I instantly suspected that a slight change in the manner of the pair toward each other, and I instantly suspected that there was a sort of a love-affair between them. there was a sort of a love-affair between them. I joked Bub on the subject, and as he became quite grave over the matter, I feel pretty certain that I had guessed correctly. In order to sound the doctor I hinted slightly in regard to the matter, but you can judge of my surprise when he became terribly excited, declared that I must be wrong, that they only regarded each other as brother and sister, and that a marriage between them was utterly impossible, and begged that I would never mention such a thing to anybody. Here was mystery number one.

that I would never mention such a thing to anybody. Here was mystery number one.

"And the second love-affair, confided to me in strict confidence by this Harvard student whom I met in New York, takes in a girl named Kitty Googage. She is the daughter of an old couple who keep a sort of an English ale-house called the Woodbine Inn situated near Harvard Square, a great resort of the collegians. The father is an old English oarsman, who acts as a sort of coach to the college crews, and, what is rather strange in such a man, he is a most rigid church-member. This girl, Kitty, has only lately come to Cambridge and there is something odd about her. 'Something not just on the square,' this young fellow said, but that was all that I could get out of him, except the information that there was a desperate flirtation going on between Bub and the girl, and there's mystery number two."

tery number two."

"Deuced interesting, my boy!"

"Yes; well, I'm going to meet Bub at this Woodbine Inn and at the same time I can take a look at the girl. I rather flatter myself that I shall be able to find out the mystery that is connected with her, but as for the other one, the old doctor's niece, I confess I am puzzled."

"Ah, well, time may reveal it."

The further conversation that took place between the two is not worth detailing, being of little interest, until they reached their destination.

The Woodbine Inn was a plain little white cottage surrounded by a large garden filled with shrubbery in the midst of which small arbors were constructed wherein little tables were placed for the accommodation of the customers. It was a charming rural retreat, so different from the average American bar-room that it was little wonder that it was well patronized by

was little wonder that it was well patronized by the college boys.

Entering one of the arbors Grahame rapped upon the table, and the summons was answered by a big, burly, middle-aged man, whose general build and broad face betrayed at the first glance that he was a son of Albion's isle—one of those brawny, beef-fed, beer-drinking Britons whose stout arms and brave hearts have triumphantly carried the Union Jack of Great Britain all around the world and caused that flag to be re-respected in every clime and by every nation.

respected in every clime and by every nation.

"That's Googage himself," Grahame observed to the general as the host emerged from the house—"a fine oarsman, a capital boxer, a jolly good fellow in every way, and yet as strict a church-member as any deacon in the land."

"You surprise me dear hoy."

"You surprise me, dear boy."
"Glad to see you, Mr. Grahame!" exclaimed the host, ducking his partly bald head as he came up to the arbor; "you're quite a stran-

ger!"
Googage spoke with an English accent as broad as his person, and his round, healthy face beamed with good-nature as he looked upon the young gentleman, for was not his guest the cousin and particular friend of "Bub" Lawcousin and particular friend of Bub Law-rence, the stroke-oar of the Harvard crew? and as Googage always declared, with great energy, the finest amateur oarsman that ever stepped foot within a boat or feathered a pair of sculls— the best man that Harvard college had ever seen, or any other college either, for that mat-ter!

'em, too; they allers wants a glass of my ginger ale to wash the dust out of their throats."
"Bub's crew is pretty sure to win this time,

eh?' Grahame asked, carelessly.
"Sure to win? Why, bless my soul, it's a horse to a hen on them?" cried the old man, en-

"But they say the Yale crew is the best one that college has had for years," the general ob-

"I guess we'll try a glass of that famous ginger ale of yours while we are waiting," Grahame said, and the old man, first ducking his head,

hurried away to procure the article.

"If Bub goes back on me, as I'm sadly afraid that he will, in this matter of his sister, why then we'll have to set our wits to work to defeat this wonderful crew; by fair means or foul we must fix it so that the Harvard boys sha'n't win the race."

"Yes, dear boy, that is our leetle game."
The host returned with the ginger ale, placed the sparkling beverage before the two gentlemen, received his money, and then again with-

The two plotters partook of the beverage and discussed, as they waited, many a wily scheme to work harm to the Harvard crew.

"He'll soon be here," said Grahame, at last, consulting the little jeweled timepiece he wore.

"You had better get out so that we can speak freely."

freely."
"Oh, yes, certainly; I've got a newspaper in my pocket and I'll just take possession of one of those arbors at the back of the yard so as to be

within hall when you want me. Push it home to him, dear boy, for if you don't get the girl then it's good-by to your ten thousand dollars

"We may as well walk," Grahame suggested, as he led the way from the bridge; "we'll have plenty of time to get there before the crew come back and we can talk the matter over as we walk along."

Grahame, acquainted with the town, conducted bis companion through the cross streets are considered by a constant of the sade of a luge cherry-tree, they called loudly for their ginger ale, and then chaffed the good-natured Englishman liberally when he are the same of the cross streets are considered by the cross streets are constant of the could not have stripped as a model for a pound in the could not have stripped as a model for a pound in the could not have stripped as a model for a pound in the could not have stripped as a model for a pound in the could not have stripped as a model for a pound in the could not have stripped as a model for a pound in the could not have stripped as a model for a pound in the could not have stripped as a model for a pound in the could not have stripped as a model for a pound in the could not have stripped as a model for a pound in the could not have supplied as a model for a pound in the could not have supplied as a model for a model for a pound in the could not have supplied as a model for a model for a pound in the

quick to aid a friend, slow to resent an injury, he was a very prince of good-fellows, and from his great flow of animal spirits, being always full of life and fun, he had been unanimously dubbed "Bub" by all his friends, and as Bub Lawrence he was far better known than by his own proper appellation.

Lawrence he was far better known than by his own proper appellation.
With many a good-natured jest and cheerful laugh the party drank their ginger ale, and then the host remembering Grahame told Bub that that gentleman was waiting to see him.
Bub rose at once.
"My cousin, gentlemen, has done me the honor to pay me a visit; so for the present you must excuse me," he said, and then bowing an adieu, he hastened to join Grahame in the arbor.

CHAPTER IV.

BUB, THE STROKE-OAR. THE meeting between the two young men was warm and hearty, genuinely so on the part of Bub, and affectedly so on Grahame's side, for, as the reader already knows, the black sheep bore the Harvard stroke-oar no great amount of love.

ount of love. Well, Harrison, I'm glad to see you!" Bub exclaimed, taking the chair that the other pushed toward him. "Did you take a run over to have a look at the crew? You were always a

great betting man, so I suppose that you have invested heavily on the race."

"Yes, about thirty thousand dollars."

Bub indulged in a prolonged whistle.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, in astonishment, large sum to stake upon what, after all, is a decided uncertainty? for, Harrison, there is no telling which is the winning crew until we pull by the judge's boat and the deciding gun is fixed."

that his cousin had staked his money that the Harvard crew would win, and it rather annoyed him to think that Harrison in his cousinly partisanship—as Bub supposed—should risk so

"Oh, well, I felt so confident about the result," the other answered, carelessly.
"You thought the race was all over except the shouting, eh?" Bub suggested, with a "Well, not quite so bad as that."

"The Yale boys have a good crew, they say," the stroke-oar observed, thoughtfully. And you have a good crew, too

"And you have a good crew, too."
"Yes, as good as ever pulled an oar!" cried Bub, in warmth.
"And if you were a betting man you would back your side largely, wouldn't you?"
"Yes, with every dollar that I could raise!"
"And yet you blame me."
"Ah, Harrison, but it isn't prudent, you know; I'm always too hasty and let my enthusiasm.run away with my judgment," Bub replied, slowly. "Bet a couple of thousand if you like; but take my advice, and don't risk

polied, slowly. "Bet a couple of thousand if you like; but take my advice and don't risk thirty; it is entirely too much; and, excuse the question, Harrison—can you afford to lose any such sum in case we fail to win? An accident, you know, may defeat the best of crews. One of our men may go amiss on the very day of the race, an oar may break, or some blundering booby may run a boat in our way; a hundred things may happen to snatch victory from the long that we have got her under our thumb. The old man has gone out; rap on the table and she have a long that we have got her under our thumb. The old man has gone out; rap on the table and she happen to snatch victory from the long that we have got her under our thumb. The old man has gone out; rap on the table and she happen to snatch victory from the long that we have got her under our thumb. The old man has gone out; rap on the table and the long that we have got her under our thumb. The old man has gone out; rap on the table and the long that we have got her under our thumb. The old man has gone out; rap on the table and the long that we have got her under our thumb. The old man has gone out; rap on the table and the long that we have got her under our thumb. plied, slowly. "Bet a couple of thousand if you like; but take my advice and don't risk thirty; it is entirely too much; and, excuse the question, Harrison—can you afford to lose any such sum in case we fail to win? An accident, you know, may defeat the best of crews. One of our men may go amiss on the very day of the race, an oar may break, or some blundering our grasp even at the very moment of suc

"Well, Bub, of course you know how I am ituated," said the other, affecting to be deeply interested by the remarks of the stroke-oar.

"Of course I can't afford to lose two thousand, let alone thirty."

foot within a boat or feathered a pair of sculls
—the best man that Harvard college had ever
seen, or any other college either, for that matter!

"Yes, I've just taken a run on to see Bub."

"He's with the crew on the river for a spin,
but he'll be back soon."

"He'll stop in here on the way home, I presume?"

"Oh, yes, he always does, and all the rest of
'em, too; they allers wants a glass of my ginger

"Ah, Harrison, a man should not venture
what he has not got! It is bad enough to lose
money but honor is far more precious."

"Well, I'll take your advice, and hedge so
as to stand safe whichever way the race goes."

"Do, and you'll take a weight off my mind!"
cried Bub, his face lighting up, and he bestowed
upon the other a warm grasp of the hand.

"But how about the other matter that I hinted at in my letter?"

Bub's face became quite grave.

Bub's face became quite grave.
"You mean in regard to my sister, Helena?"

"Yes."
"Well, Harrison, I hardly know what to say; you place me in a very embarrassing position. Helena is hardly more than a child; she is not old enough to think of marriage

that college has had for years," the general observed.

"It don't matter the weight of a pin, sir," the old man declared, with a wise shake of the head; "Bub's crew will beat 'em all to pieces."

"Well, I hope so."

"Oh, you can bet on it, and you don't stand no show whatsumever to lose!"

Grahame and the general exchanged glances at this bold declaration.

"Yes, sir," the old man continued, "if I warn't a member of the church, and hadn't given up all those sinful practices, there isn't a dollar that I could raise in the world that I wouldn't put on that crew."

"I guess we'll try a glass of that famous gin-"

"I guess we'll try a glass of that famous gin-"

"Of course, Peyton is rich and I'm poor—"

brother."

"Of course, Peyton is rich and I'm poor—"
"Harrison, can you think so meanly of me as to believe that that would have any influence over me if there was no other reason?" Bub ed, impetuously.
Oh, there is another reason, then?"

"Yes, and I might as well speak plainly. You know that I stand in the light of a father to Helena, and I regard it as my sacred duty to see her happily bestowed in life. Her husband must be a man against whom the breath of suspicion has never been directed."

"That is as much as to say that I am not that

"That is as much as to say that I am not that kind of a man," Grahame observed, his face growing pale and his eyes beginning to shine wickedly. "Harrison, Heaven knows that I would gladly evade this task if I could," the stroke-oar replied, with a troubled voice, his whole manner

replied, with a troubled voice, his whole manner plainly betraying the agitation under which he labored, "for I like you, Harrison—like you as well as any man that breathes the breath of life this day, but the faults that I can pardon in you as a friend I cannot overlook when you appear as a suitor for the hand of my sister."

this disagreeable subject forever."

"Oh, no, Otis; you don't know me at all if you think for a single moment that I would be content to rest silent under any accusation!"
Harrison replied, spiritedly, and endeavoring to and bound hand and foot, when Helen Varcla.

"Yes, they do."
"Well, I suppose I must plead guilty to that.
I confess that while I was at college I did have a regular mania for card-playing."
"But that isn't the worst of it, Harrison,"

"But that isn't the worst of it, Harrison,"
Bub observed, quietly.

"What more do they say?"

"They say that you played cards too well."

"They mean that I cheated, eh?" cried Harrison, growing very pale indeed.

"No, they don't say that openly, but they say that you always used to win, and that your antagonists generally were men who had money and yet didn't know enough to take care of itmere boys, in fact, no match for you in any mere boys, in fact, no match for you in any

way."
"Well, that's an ugly report about a man, isn't it?" Harrison cried, sarcastically, endeavoring to force a laugh; "and all because I used to have a poker party in my rooms once in a while, and the foolish louts who bantered me to come whined when they lost their money. Oh, while, and the foolish louts who bantered me to play whined when they lost their money. Oh, I'm a regular gambler, I presume, a first-class blackleg, and I make my living by picking up and fleecing unsuspecting youths with more money than brains."

"Oh, no; not so bad as that!"

"Do they say anything else!"

"Isn't that quite enough!"

"Oh, no! I didn't know but that they would make out that I used to pick pockets in the class-room, or play highwayman on the college campus. They might as well have made a good story while they were about it."

Harrison was decidedly sarcastic.

story while they were about it."
Harrison was decidedly sarcastic.
"Old fellow, I am sorry that I was forced to tell you this, but it could not be avoided."
"On account of these stories, then—these lying reports, you would object to my marriage with Helena, even though she desired the

with Heiena, even though she desired the union?"

"But, Harrison, she don't," Bub replied, quietly. "I hinted to her about the matter today, and she said enough to convince me that she likes you as a cousin only."

"Well, I'm sorry; it's quite a disappointment to me; but let the matter pass. I trust that it will not sever our friendship?"

"Not a bit!" cried Bub, instantly, giving the other another hearty gripe of the hand, "for I like you, Harrison; you're a deuced good fellow, anyway. But you must excuse me now; I see the boys are off. Come up to the house and see us. Good-by!" and then Bub hurried away to join his companions, and they all quitted the garden together.

The general came from his corner and found Grahame glaring with angry eyes and a face white with passion after the young men.

There was hardly need of a question, for the

white with passion after the young men.
There was hardly need of a question, for the shrewd old man understood at once that the day had gone against his companion.
"Well, well; you didn't make it, eh?"
"No, curse him; he has heard that I make a living by card-playing—"
"What of that?" cried the general, in profound astonishment; "is it possible that he objects to that? Why, he plays!"
"Yes, for the fun of the thing. There is a great difference, you know, between men who

great difference, you know, between men who play for amusement and money and regular card-sharps like ourselves. There's only one thing to be done; the Harvard crew must be

will come, and then you shall se Grahame obeyed at once A slender, delicate, ladylike girl, with jet-black hair and wonderful dark eyes, dressed blainly, came tripping from the house, but the moment she beheld the pair a cry of alarm came

from her lips, and she fell imploringly upon her knees.
"For Heaven's sake, do not betray me!" she

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE WAIF.

BY MRS. MARY COMSTOCK.

I met a little tearful child
With rags and dirt for dower,
And yet, she turned to me and smiled,
For she had found a flower!
A simple flower of golden hue
To that sad one was given,
And for that boon her eyes of blue
Had less of earth than Heaven.
Oh, sinless infancy divine!
Alike, through sun and storm,
A holy mission sure is thine—

A holy mission sure is thine— Our worldly hearts to warm.

Franz,

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE: THE BRIDE OF PARIS.

Thrilling Story of the Commune.

BY A. P. MORRIS. AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SPHINX," "SILVER SERPENT," "FIRE-FIENDS OF CHICAGO," STAR OF DIAMONDS," ETC.

CHAPTER XI. THE ACTRESS AND THE VOODOO.

In the same moment that the maid, Annette, cried out the identity of the man lying on the pave—and as he was rising to his feet, and as Helen Varcla, sword in hand, wheeled around with an exclamation of surprise and gratifica-tion—the heavy, iron-picketed gate of *El Bibou* swung open and two men emerged. The two were the men who had brought Victor Bramont to the house of the Voodoo, and, evidently, they

asked:
"Where is he? I have reason to believe that Xlmo, my mistress, has a special desire to see Franz Edouin."
"This way!" called Helen Varcla, not hear-

which hall when you want me. Push it home to him, dear boy, for if you don't get the girl then it's good-by to your ten thousand dollars unless we can devise some way to beat the Harvard crew, and I'm afraid that will be no easy matter."

"Time will tell," Grahame replied, laconically.

And then the general strolled off, and just in time, too, for a party of brown-faced young men came into the garden.

Some twelve or fifteen composed the party, and fine specimens of rugged, healthy, manly beauty were they; hardly a man of them all the to have scure in her house this night."

"Yes; study did not agree with me."

"Yes; and fine specimens of rugged, healthy, manly beauty with met have beauty the the na't sud

Harrison replied, spiritedly, and endeavoring to assume an appearance of great frankness; and he succeeded very well, too, for the man was an excellent dissembler. "And as for the men of my class—well, we didn't get on together at all. The fact is, Bub, I always hated college."

"Harrison, the college returns the sentiment," the stroke-oar replied, quietly.

A slight flush appeared upon Grahame's pale cheeks as he winced under the well-directed shot, and for a moment he showed his white teeth victously.

"Well, I presume that there isn't any love lost between the college and myself," he said, after a slight pause. "I will own that I was never much of a student, and that I had very little sympathy or association with the men of my the sympathy or association with the men of my the sympathy or association with the men of my you no harm."

"A loud word, or a cry for help, and I shall the brain you with this sword!"

Realizing the utter uselessness of any attempt further, Franz remained passive and silent in the hands of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hands of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his captors, groaning in spirit at the hends of his c

"Fear not. I am sure that my mistress means you no harm."

As she spoke thus encouragingly, the group was brought abruptly to a stand by a loud, sullen, threatening growl in front.

"The dog! The dog of our mistress!" hissed, in affright, the two men who carried Edouin between them, and their knees smote together as the huge dog, Belial, came bounding and leaping down the broad path to attack the intruders.

Annette sunk to the ground on her knees ing down the broad path to attack the intruders.

Annette sunk to the ground on her knees, covering her face in terror. Franz Edouin gave one glance at the monstrous, savage, blood-thirsty animal, and averted his face with a feeling of sickness. Helen Varcla alone seemed unmoved by this prospect of a terrible encounter. She stood in advance, her form slightly bent, with one foot thrown out, and the hand that carried the sword drawn back past the hip. Her teeth were set and every muscle gathered for one fierce blow at the coming foe.

On he rushed, his massive jaws snapping, his fangs grating; at every leap he uttered a mad yelp and increased his headlong speed as he neared the group.

"Surcly, I have heard that yelp before!" exclaimed Helen Varcla, a sudden light gleaming in her eyes; and she called sternly aloud the one word:

"Belia!"

Belial!" The brute slackened his gait at once, and if he

could have spoken he would have said, much like Helen Varcla:
"Surely, I have heard my name called by

"Surely, I have heard my hame caned by that very voice before!"

"Belial, good pet, come here!" commanded the actress, following up the effect produced by her first word.

Belial halted a few leaps from her. Then he Belial halfed a rew leaps from her. Then he gave vent to a prolonged whine and trotted forward, rearing upon his hinder legs until he towered above her head, and placed both big paws upon her shoulders. The next minute she was patting him affectionately on the head and ears and smoothing his still bristling back.

"Mon Dieu" blurted the astonished aqueras, it intend of the deg devening her at one approximation.

"Mon Dieu!" blurted the astonished agueras,
"instead of the dog devouring her at one snap,
they are hugging each other! Look!"
Annette was both terrified and amazed at the
novel position of her mistress. Helen Varcla
was speaking to the dog in English, and could
the others have been near enough to catch, and
all understand her language, they would have
heard something like this:

"Good Belial! Oh, my favorite! How strange
to meet you here! Ten years have passed since
you were stolen from me, and though you were
then but a year old, you do not forget the first
mistress who fed you. There—there—good fellow! no kisses from your ugly but precious nose.
Let me pat and play a moment with this hairy
head. So you wish to hug me? Ha! ha! ha!
You gave us quite a scare, a moment since. Have
you forgotten this sound?"—puckering her lips
and trilling a shrill whistle, to which Belial answered with two distinct, loud, hoarse barks.
"No, I see you remember the signal of your
first mistress."

During her address, she was receiving kindly the demonstrations of the terrible though sagacious brute, until he had recognized, beyond doubt, a former and much-loved mistress in the woman who, a moment previous, he would readily have torn to pieces. Gently removing the hervaleen limbs from her shoulders about the hervaleen limbs from her shoulders are

readily have torn to pieces. Gently removing the herculean limbs from her shoulders, she turned to her companions with:

"Come, friends; this good dog is an old comrade of mine. Whoever walks with me need have no fear of his teeth."

She started toward the house, Belial trotting docilely at her side, and the rest of the party following rather timidly.

"Ay, but this woman is a witch!" declared one of the men who carried Franz Edouin. "For none but a witch could so easily charm such a devil-of-a-dog!"

Annette, with a sudden comprehension dawning, was saying to herself:
"There is but one explanation of this. The mastiff must be the same that was lost or stolen

from my mistress when she played in London ten years ago. It was the last gift of her hus-band, a few days before he died. I have heard

band, a rew days before he died. I have heard her call him with that same peculiar whistle she gave just now, and the dog would come though a hundred men barred his way."

Arrived at the door Annette gave the bell a pull. The answer being tardy, Helen Varcla herself wrenched at the knob, occasioning those impatient sounds heard by Zabach and the Voodac iver after the letter.

Impatient sounds neard by Zabach and the Voodoo just after the latter had consigned Victor Bramont to the secret pit beneath the room where she carried on her orgies of mystery.

Let us make a note, here, that the actress and the Voodoo had never met in any arrangement transpiring between them since the sojourn of the former in Paris—whatever husiness there the former in Paris—whatever business there was being transacted by deputy, and that deputy was the faithful Zabach. Now, when they gazed full at each other, and in the silence which followed the speech of Helen Varcla at the close of Chapter III, the latter seemed struck by some strange and thrilling likeness which she beheld in the brown features of the reputed sor-

ceress.

The staring eyes of the Voodoo glistened like stars, and her whole frame quivered with a momentary excitement. Recovering her calm, weirdly bearing, she stalked forward, dropped her death's head cane and grasped both of Helen

her death's-head cane and grasped both of Helen Varcla's hands.

"Now I know," she said, so low that none but the actress could hear her, "how you could safely pass Belial. I was told that Helen Varcla had lost a child, which no one but Victor Bramont could find for her; also that you suspicioned Franz Edouin to be that child. Had I seen your face before, I could have undeceived you, notwithstanding you received a tamping letter. notwithstanding you received a taunting letter from Victor Bramont, telling you that he in-mended to rear the child in man's garb and to tended to rear the child in man's garb and to the vocation of a man. His was an absurd and impracticable threat, though you, picking eagerly at every hope—the hope strengthened when you beheld Franz Edouin's womanish face—believed him. I can tell you that Franz Edouin is a true and famous man, and not your child, because your child was a girl. Had I known, also, ten years ago, that you had changed your name to Helen Varela, I could have returned to you the dog, Belial; for I knew that he belonged to Selissa Gordon, and Selissa Gordon had disappeared."

"Do not trifle with me, woman," broke in Helen Varcla. "Since you know me so well, and so much of my business, tell me who you are? And if I have a wrong clew, or no clew at

all, to my lost child, can you tell me where to look for that child?"
"Xlmo is notorious for her wisdom," replied the Voodoo, who never once removed her piercing glance from the other's face, "but she cannot tell you where to find your long-lost daughter. As to who I am, you will learn anon. Suffice it, that I once loved you—a singular confession for one like me—when your name was Selissa Gordon. Zabach"—signing for the two ruffians to begone—"conduct those men beyond the gate; return, and we will visit Victor Bramont."

would defy the muscles of a Hercules.

"Snakes!" he howled, while he battered and plunged vainly about. "I am in a den of snakes! The sorceress means that I shall die of poisonous bites and rot in this abominable hole! Ho! to die of a snake-bite! Think of that! What a fate for Victor Bramont! Help, there! Hallo! Let me out! Strangle me! Put a bullet in my skin! Anything but this! Sacre diable! Hear the snakes!—a hundred or more!"

became of the child when he snatched it from the nurse, and nigh stabbed that nurse to death."

Then she did not die?" "No, though you were at the bedside when re-overy seemed impossible. She lived, Helen farcia—lived for vengeance on Victor Bra-

Now, by all the good memory of my life! I

know you. You are—"
"Hush!" A quick, commanding gesture checked the words upon Helen Varcla's lips.
"Franz Edouin," said the Voodoo, proceeding to liberate the young man, "you are free. Be wise, and do not attempt to pass Belial until either Helen Varcla, Zabach or I can accompany you."

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XII.

BRAMONT AND HIS ENEMIES.

"DEPEND upon it," said Franz Edouin, in reply to the Voodoo, "I have no wish to be devoured by that great dog of yours, and will wait until you can give me safe conduct beyond the gate. I beg of you not to detain me long, for two most precious people, whom I fondly love, are in keen peril, and at this moment sadly in need of my assistance. I would even ask that you allow me to depart immediately—but for one reason—"

Voodoo, as she removed the last knot of his bonds and he rose to his feet.

"You" exclaimed the Voodoo.
"What is Victor Bramont to you?" questioned Helen Varcla.
"Victor Bramont "—clenching his fists with a feeling of fury at thought of the hated owner of the name—"is my deadly enemy. I have sworn that he or I must die!"

the name—"is my dea that he or I must die!" "What cause have you for this vow?" and Helen Varcla stepped toward the young man, gazing intently into his womanish but brave

"He is the persecutor of the woman I love, and who is soon to wed me. He is the thorn in my path to prick and sting in the very prospect of my happiness. Is not that enough to make it his life or mine?"

'Come with us," said Xlmo, as Zabach re-ered. "You shall see him and may easily ecognize him."
"Not so; for I have never yet seen the scoun-

drel."

"Now," thought Helen Varcla, "there is a mystery about this young man. The more I look upon him, now that he is close to me, the more his face reminds me of Dorlan Ray when Ray was younger. Pah!"—and again she exclaimed, inwardly, as a short time before, when waiting for the signal from El Bibou: "A curse upon Dorlan Ray and all that is his! If I thought that this Franz Edouin could be the child of Dorlan Ray, I would still be his enemy, and in some way ruin him for vengeance upon his father who rejected my passionate love and accepted Gertrude's. But it is folly to think of this. The boy child of Ray—when Ray, driven insane by the death of his wife, had to be confined in a private asylum—was placed in an

insane by the death of his wife, had to be confined in a private asylum—was placed in an orphan home, and as I have not heard of it since, it very likely died there."

"It is very plain to me," ran in the mind of the Voodoo, motioning Zabach to lead the way from the room, and at the same time recovering her death's head cane, "why Franz Edouin so furiously hates Victor Bramont. Dorlan Ray has a daughter—whom I have never seen, so closely does he keep her confined in the house over the way—and Victor Bramont has come to Paris with the purpose of wedding her. Strange as it may seem, considering the artist's wild Paris with the purpose of wedding her. Strange as it may seem, considering the artist's wild adoration for his first wife, Dorlan Ray must have married again; else, how came he to have a daughter? So, then, Franz Edouin must be the accepted lover of the maiden partially promised or fully pledged to Victor Bramont. For the present, I must keep these two men apart, or he may kill Victor Bramont before Helen Varcla obtains the information she seeks." And Franz was thinking, while he followed the actress and the Voodoo:

"If these two women hate Victor Bramont as

"If these two women hate Victor Bramont as intensely as I do, then he will never leave this house alive. By Heaven! I will shoot him, sooner than he shall escape to further terrify my beloved Osalind." But feeling for his pis-tols, he was reminded that his captors had taken his weapons from him. "No matter," he mut-tered, "for the ardor of my hate will give these

ands strength enough to strangle him twice "Franz Edouin," said the Voodoo, as if her professed witchcraft had enabled her to read his very thoughts, "no matter how flerce the enmity you bear Victor Bramont, let me warn you that he is Helen Varcla's prisoner, so you

must not seek to harm him. "So be it. I trust she will order his death."

"Man in the hole! Man in the hole!" shrieked the parrot, as the trio passed beyond the door and into the gloomy entryway.

Hardly more than fifteen minutes had elapsed after Victor Bramont was hurled, by means of the dump waiter closet to the lowernest form.

back stairway. Zabach leading and carrying the lamp which he took from the calf's head over the entrance to the ante-room; and we will over the entrance to the ante-room; and we will return to the prisoner when, almost blind from the effect of the subtle powder which the Voodoo blew into his eyes—while the pain of his wounded finger and the smart of the bruises given by the death's-head cane roused a demon of rage within him—he shot downward with dangerous velocity, struck the bottom of hard earth, and was pitched, by the shock, headlong forward into impenetrable darkness.

"Diable!" he roared, scrambling to his feet.

"I am a dead man beyond doubt! Cursed sor-

"I am a dead man beyond doubt! Cursed sor-ceress! my eyes are nearly out. Little use they would be, though, in this ditch-of-a-hole. Where would be, though, in this ditch-of-a-hole. Where am I? How to get out, before that witch comes to finish the work? In spite of her negro locks, her brown skin—artificial both—and her role of a Voodoo, all, I know her. Saere! yes. She is Catherine Plaque, whom I stabbed, in England, when I took from her the child of Selissa Gordon. But this finger of mine?—I shall bleed to death, I fear. Devil seize that popgun cane!"

As well as he could, not being able to see what he was about, he bound up the wounded finger with his handkerchief.

with his handkerchief. "This Helen Varcia, too," he mumbled, "I am sure is no other than Selissa Gordon. Ho! she may mean to flay me alive! Both captors thirsty for my life! But stay: this so-called Helen Varcla dare not destroy me, for then she would never learn the whereabouts of her lost child. I, alone, possess the secret. Ha! h-a! there I have her by the hip. Hark! What was

that?"

He started as a peculiar noise, like a low, vindictive hiss, fell distinctly upon his ears. This was followed by a squirming, scraping sound, and then his hair fairly rose on end, for the terrible warning of the rattlesnake rung sharply through the darkness. Audacious and villainously brave man though he was, the soul of Victor Bramont shrunk within him when he heard that signal of horror. Stimulated by very fright, he sprung hither and thither, kicking and pounding the walls, only to discover that he was surrounded by a solid masonry that would defy the muscles of a Hercules.

"Snakes!" he howled, while he battered and

Bramont."

"Victor Bramont! Then you have the wretch safe!" cried Helen Varcla, glowing with exultation.

"He is my prisoner. He shall tell us what"

"He is my prisoner. He shall tell us what"

Help!"

A glare of light suddenly flashed upon him, illuminating and showing the miserable nature of his surrounding. Near the ceiling, and on all four sides, extended a continuous cage of finely-woven wire. In this cage were confined the serpents whose hissing, gliding and rattling struck terror to the heart of the captive. The floor of the cell was of cemented flags. On three sides were massive and impenetrable walls; on the fourth side, a small, grated window. At this window stood Xlmo, the Voodoo, who had flashed forward the lamp. In a single

dow. At this window stood Xlmo, the Voodoo, who had flashed forward the lamp. In a single second, when discovering that he was safe from the fangs of the serpents, Victor Bramont recovered his usual spirit of dare-devil boldness. "Ho! you witch! You thought to scare my life out. What next, Catherine Plaque?—whichever you are. Sacre! Release me!"

"It is not likely, Victor Bramont—who once assumed the name of Saul Secor—that I shall give you another chance to stab me. The thanks I received, when I agreed to assist you in the abduction of Selissa Gordon's child, was a knife-thrust aimed at my heart. As you fled from the deed of blood, I promised that I would a knife-thrust aimed at my heart. As you fled from the deed of blood, I promised that I would not die, but would live to kill you, Victor Bra-

Diable! Then you mean to kill me, after

saying that I was not your prisoner!"
"Catherine Plaque!" exclaimed Helen Varcla, stepping to the window and grasping the Voodoo roughly by the arm. "Woman! do I hear that you aided Victor Bramont to rob me of my child? What had I done to you, to be the listing of such base treachery!" victim of such base treachery?"
"Diable!" muttered Bramont. "I am right.

"Diable!" muttered Bramont. "I am right. Helen Varcla is Selissa Gordon."
"Speak not of the past, but of the present," said the Voodoo, quickly, and freeing her arm from the gripe of the actress.
"Scoundrel Bramont!" cried Franz Edouin, showing himself, "these women have business with you. Have it over briefly. Then you will

while he eyed the young man in a puzzled way "this is Franz Edouin, the French detective, whom I once met abroad, and who looked to me the image of Dorlan Ray at the time when Ray crazy over the death of his wife, was confined in the private asylum." And aloud, he snapped: "With you? An account with you? Sacre! Another foe. And what have I done to you?" "You are the wretch who persecutes the woman pledged to be my bride. I have sworn that you or I must die!"

vou or I must die! "Oho, my merry fellow! If I am to have a fair show, I shall soon be rid of you—be sure of that. If you are thinking of the beautiful Osalind Ray, make up your mind that she is mine, pledged to me seventeen years ago—"
"Rascal! Let me enter his cell!"
But the Voodoo held him back, while she thought:

A mystery here; for I know that Dorlan Ray did not have a daughter so long ago a

CHAPTER XIII.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

It did not occur to Helen Varcla that the declaration of Victor Bramout contained anything remarkable. Her mind being preoccupied with a hungry longing to discover, from him, the whereabouts of her own child, it did not strike whereabouts of her own child, it did not strike and impress her, as it did the Voodoo, that Dor-lan Ray could not possibly have had a daughter as long ago as seventeen years prior to this night, although she, as well as Xlmo, might have recollected the date, and that Dorlan Ray, helplessly insane, was confined in a private asy-lum at that time. She only meditated:

helpiessy insine, was commed in a private asylum at that time. She only meditated:

"I have now before me the man who tried to strangle me because I witnessed his tampering with the medicine of Gertrude Ray; who robbed me of my child; who stabbed the nurse in treacherous payment of her own treachery in aiding him to abduct that child. Now and here he shell tall me about that child. he shall tell me where to find my long-lost daughter, or every snake in yonder slimy cage shall be let loose upon him."

be let loose upon him."

Franz Edouin had griped one of the bars at the narrow window as if he would wrench it out and get at the imprisoned villain whose speech made the blood boil with indignation. Xlmo held him firmly—though all his strength could not have unjointed the stoutly-riven bars—and would have expostulated with him, when the actress sternly addressed Victor Bramont:

"Tell me, wretch: where is my child?"

"Do you think I have carried the brat about, from place to place, for seventeen years?" he

snapped.
"Nothing of the sort," continued the actress.
"But that you know where she is, I am convinced. And never will you come out of there alive, until my questions are answered and answered trnly.

"Very right," passed in the brain of Victor Bramont; "I do know where she is, and no one else can tell." But he spoke no word aloud. else can tell." But he spoke no word aloud.
"Victor Bramont!" cried the actress, grasping the iron bars and glaring angrily through the window, "twenty-one years ago Dorlan Ray, and Gertrude, his wife, had a boy child—"

"Diable! I know that. I know, also, that you madly loved Dorlan Ray yourself, and af-terward hated him because he married this Ger-

"No matter!" she interrupted, suppressing the fiery passion which arose within her at re-membrance of the time when, twenty-two years

membrance of the time when, twenty-two years before, Dorlan Ray had rejected her unmaidenly avowal of love. "No matter. You, vile wretch, were as deeply enamored of Gertrude as I was wild to possess Dorlan Ray."
"Diable! that is true."
"You vowed that she should never live as another man's wife! You concealed the deadly hate you bore both man and wife, and wormed yourself into an intimacy with Dorlan Ray—"
"Diable! yes; and so did you in the same manner, for you won the confidence of his wife, while you hated her immensely. We were a pair, eh?" sneered Bramont, folding his arms and scowling upon the actress.

pair, eh?" sneered Bramont, folding his arms and scowling upon the actress.

"Most gracious Heaven!" murmured Franz Edouin to himself. "I feel that I am now to learn the grand, and mayhap, terrible secret which has blighted the lives of Dorlan Ray and my beloved Osalind."

"But I was not the guilty serpent you were," resumed Helen Varcla, her brilliant eyes glancing fury and scorn upon her enemy. "When Dorlan Ray was lost to me—although I intense. It hated him and all that was his from that moly hated him and all that was his from that mo-ment—I would at least have let him live in peace, and rather felt a pride that I did not be-tray the gall in my wounded heart. You, des-picable schemer, made Gertrude believe that you picable schemer, made Gertrude believe that you had buried your passion for her, and by toadying to Dorlan Ray you succeeded in becoming an inmate of his household. In an evil hour you tempted Dorlan Ray, and finally led him to the commission of a breach of trust which necessitated his flight from the country. When you had removed him from your path, by means of most diabolical treachery, you made proposals to his wife, which she, as a true woman, scorned and severely resented. When delivered of her child, and while sick almost untodeath, I saw you deliberately poison her; for I death, I saw you deliberately poison her; for I was then, by chance, in the house, and caught you in the very act."

"She is trying to draw me into a confession before these witnesses," he muttered, in his mind, glancing covertly at the Voodoo and the detective. "Diable! go on, Helen Varcla!" the

I pursued you through the garden, to catch ou and have you hung for the garden, to catch you and have you hung for the perpetration of such a dastardly deed; for you fled when you saw that I had detected you. You tried to strangle me in the garden. Had these arms of mine possessed the muscle then that they do now "—baring her large, tough and sinewy arm and shaking a tight-clenched fist at him—"it would have been you—not me—left insensible

aroused and angered by his loud raving, hissed, rattled and squirmed in anticipation of battle with the desperate man.

"Diable! Help! Murderer Voodoo!—help, or I perish! If I die, a secret dies with me. Help!"

A glare of light suddenly flashed upon him, illuminating and showing the miserable nature of his surrounding. Near the calling and on all left by surrounding. Near the calling and on all left by a mick of a red crescent in the palm of his right hand—was placed, by proper persons, in the Orphan Asylum at Chichester—"

The actress was interrupted, and all were stardled, by a quick cry more like the shriek of some

The actress was interrupted, and all were startled, by a quick cry more like the shriek of some infuriated animal. Franz Edouin, with wide starting eyes, panting breath, and whole frame quivering with a terrible excitement, tugged and wrung savagely at the bars, straining every nerve until red in the face, while he gasped and shouted, hoarse and choked:

"Let me in there! Find me an opening! I tell you I shall go mad?"

"Foolish young man!" exclaimed the Voodoo, sternly, and no longer able to keep him back from the bars. "You cannot get into that cell, for it has no entrance down here. I must remind you that you, too, are a captive in this house, and if you seek to harm Victor Bramont—who is the exclusive prisoner of Helen Varcia

who is the exclusive prisoner of Helen Varcla

—I may promise you that you will fare badly at
other hands than his. Peace, I say!"

"I must have my grip on the throat of yonder
villain!" cried Franz Edouin, maintaining his
flerce but futile assault upon the bars. "There
is a great mystery in what I have heard! fierce but futile assault upon the bars. "There is a great mystery in what I have heard. I bear the sear of a red crescent in the palm of my right hand! I was released from the Orphan Asylum at Chichester four years ago! This man must be the murderer of my mother, and Dorlan Ray must be my father! I have been near marrying the daughter of my father, who is my sister or half-sister, and so commit a crime which all the mercy of God will not excuse! Let me get at this man and compel him to speak!—for he alone may be able to clear up the tangle of what I fear. If my discoveries forbid me, by the laws of Heaven, to wed with my adored Osalind, then will I tear the very vitals from your carcass—scoundrel Bramont! You shall speak, I say, if I have to prod your tongue with red-hot forks! Open a way for me, Voodoo! open!—or every block of stone will I dig out with these nails of mine! Devil Bramont! murderer of my mother! I will reach you presently!" and he wrenched and fought at the bars like a man possessed by a hundred avenging rages.

Bramont, startled and, for a moment, in fear

venging rages.

Bramont, startled and, for a moment, in fear
f his life, maintained an exterior of dogged
colness, though he exclaimed, behind his

teeth:
"Diable! then I was correct in my suspicion.
Here is the son of the woman I poisoned, and who, by that unlucky speech of the actress, has discovered himself to be the son of Dorlan Ray.
At this rate, the whole secret will come out, unhelped by me. Sacre! Then these foes on mine, having no further use for me, will leave me to die of snake-bites, or strangle me, or dispose of me in some other horrible manner. My fe must be saved. I must run risks of catch ag them all by the hip some other time. Let me evise means to escape from them, and once free

we shall start another battle at cunning. Yes—
liable!—my life first, I will speak to them."

And aloud he snarled:

"Hollo, there! Voodoo! actress! Grapple with that madman! I will tell you what you ask, but upon one condition."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 441) (To be continued-commenced in No. 441.)

GOING HOME.

BY ETHEL.

Yea! I'm getting old and feeble;
My hair is silvery white,
And my step is slow and faltering,
For my eyes are dull of sight.
Down life's hill I m slowly going;
Soon I'll cross the deep, dark stream
Over which the angels beckon—
Beckon still, as in a dream!

Way beyond the silent river—
There, the dear ones gone before,
Ever linger, till my coming,
Close beside the outer door—
Waiting there to guide me over
Crystal streams and streets of gold—
Wait, to teach the way to heaven,
And all mystery to unfold.

I am longing for the message
That will bid me haste away;
For, though earth is fair and joyous,
I've no wish to longer stay—
For my darling's gone before me,
And I'm lonely here to-night
As I sit and paint the future
In the fast darkening twilight.

Oh! the blessed promised future!

There will be no parting there Far beyond the still, dark river: Up above the "Golden Stair."

Elegant Egbert;

THE GLOVED HAND

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ROMANCE.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE. CHAPTER XXXIII.

JAMES VESEY, DETECTIVE. THE foregoing caption appeared on the door-ost of a certain hallway, on a business street in iew Orleans, and again on a door in the second cory of the building. It was read with mingled feelings of hope and

isgiving by three persons, who, having read, entered the room.

Within they found a very small boy seated on very high stool, who motioned them to seats with a wave of his hand, and told them that Mr. esey was busy at present, but would give them wilcome shortly.

udience shortly In an inner room stood a man of perhaps thirty, before a contrivance in the wall by which he could look into the outer office, with-

which he could look into the outer office, without himself being seen.

He seemed very much struck by the beauty of the two ladies who had called upon him. One piercing glance at the gentleman escorting them satisfied him in that direction, and he returned to the more congenial occupation of contrasting the rival types of feminine loveliness—a pure blonde and a glowing brunette.

After an interval of perhaps ten minutes he seated himself at a desk and struck a bell.

The small boy jumped down off the stool, opened the door of communication, and waited for the ladies and their escort to enter.

or the ladies and their escort to enter.

Mr. Vesey was busy folding a sheet of legalzap paper. As he slipped it into a pigeon-hole
n his desk, he rose and received his visitors with

while Sibyl Stanhope told her story Mr. Vesey listened mutely, taking notes. "That, sir," said the lady, in conclusion, "is the narrative. I have suppressed the names, since if you do not undertake the case, it will do

since if you do not undertake the case, it will do you no good to know them. Now, assuming that the man is innocent, is there any chance of establishing the fact before the law?

M. Bourdoine nodded his head repeatedly in approval of Sibyl's statement of the case, while his face glowed with admiration of his pupil.

Adele gazed at the detective, as if he were the oracle of Egbert's fate.

Before giving his decision the detective compressed his lips reflectively, and went over his notes.

"There has been an interval of nine-teen years!" he said, indicating by dragging the syllables that nineteen years was a long time. "Yes," said Sibyl, and both her heart and Adele's went down to zero.

"The clerk, whom we assume to be the real forger, or at least the prime mover in the matter, if his hand did not really execute the false signature, is alive and a partner in the business the senior partner having died."

"Yes."
"The young man whom we assume to have been a possible accomplice—Ah! is he still liv-

"He is a professional gambler."

"Ah! In the city?"

'I do not know where he is."

'Last seen?"

In Memphis."

'How long since?"
'Three months."
'He might be found somewhere on the river, I think that he pursues his calling on the

boats between St. Louis and New Orleans. "The messenger boy is still living?" Sibyl's heart rose in her throat, as she thought

ow near he had been to death.
"Is he accessible?"
"If necessary."

"You suspect no one else of complicity in the affair, or of knowledge of it in any way?"
"No." The detective tapped his desk with his pen-

older, and thought.

His visitors hung in breathless suspense.

Presently he looked up and fixed his eyes on Sibyl's face.
"Madam," he said, "you must not be too

sanguine of success."
"We are not," said Sibyl.
"Nineteen years ago is a very long time." 'I grant it

"And much of the evidence that might have existed then may now be hopelessly destroyed." "We have considered that." "If you were seeking to recover money," pursued the detective, "I should call it the poorest of poor investments. But reputation is another thing. People are not always disposed to limit its value by a fixed sum. However, I feel it thing. People are not always disposed to limit its value by a fixed sum. However, I feel it my duty to say to you that unless you can afford to throw away hundreds, and perhaps thousands of dollars, without advancing one step toward the attainment of your object, you had better not embark in this undertaking."

"Money is no object to us. We shall not count the cost. All we desire is the knowledge that everything has been done that everything has been done that everything has been done that everything.

hat everything has been done that can be don accomplish the end."
"After spending ten thousand dollars and a

where you do to-day."

"Oh! is it as hopeless as that?" sighed Adele.

"That is the dark side of the picture," said

Sibyl, firmly.
"Yes," admitted the detective.
"Now what is there on the affirmative?" "I overlooked one question. Is the clerk, nov member of the firm, rich?"

"I do not know."

"At any rate, the business must have been a arge one, to involve a check of that amount."

Well, assuming that the clerk had an ac "Well, assuming that the clerk had an accomplice or accomplices, they may not have been so successful in a money point of view as he. Upon assurance of immunity from the law, they might be induced, in consideration of a few hundreds or thousands of dollars, according to their estimate of their own reputation, to turn State's evidence in an arraignment of the

"If such a person can be found, you may promise him a hundred thousand dollars!" said Sibyl, flushing with excitement.

The detective smiled and elevated his brows

singhtly.

"There is one drawback to this course," he said. "It would look as if we were bribing a scoundrel to perjure himself. As the man attacked is of high reputation, there would have to be strong corroborative evidence to support the oath of our witness, which we may safely assume does not exist." assume does not exist.

Sibyl turned pale. Her brief hopes were dashed to the ground.

"This gambler's oath, for instance, unsupported, would count for nothing against that of a respectable business man."

"In any event, money would not induce him to testify in favor of the man he wronged," said Sibyl, unconsciously assuming that Jack was Sibyl, unconsciously assuming that Jack was really guilty.

"The chances are, then, one step more re-

moved."
"Is there no other course?"

"One."
"And that is?"
"This quondam clerk might be watched. It is among the possibilities that, in his prosperity, he may have been paying 'hush-money' to some one. If this can be established, together with plausible evidence of the conspiracy, we may make something out of it." make something out of it.

"Mr. Vesey," said Sibyl, "begin the surveil-lance you suggest to-day!"
The question of remuneration was then dis-patched, and when Mr. James Vesey bowed his patrons out of a door other than that by which they had entered (an innocent business trick by which the detective was enabled to be always "busy" when called upon) he was radiant with affability, and the first step had been taken toward establishing Egbert Stanhope's innocence of crime.

CHAPTER XXXIV

M. BOURDOINE TAKES THE DETECTIVE FEVER. DETECTIVE VESEY at once entered upon the task of "piping" Paul Harney. He found that he lived in grand style and supported an extravagant family.

He had no difficulty in gaining an opportunity to study the man himself. He noted the furtive restlessness of the eye, the haggard look of one whose rosts was harden and a wredience.

of one whose rest was broken, and a predisposi-tion to nervous trepidation which might mark

one who was a prey to corroding care.

Having struck up an acquaintance with the broker's clerk, Vesey learned that Mr. Harney had been ailing of late. Early in December—in fact, beginning on the first or second of the month—a spell of indisposition had confined him to his house for a week or ten days, and he had not been all right will right.

Next James Vesey had a spy in the very cita-el, in the person of a household servant. From this source he learned that the cotton-oroker not unfrequently occupied his library ntil far into the night, when an ear at the keyhole might hear him pacing incessantly up and down, muttering to himself and moaning as if Lastly, the detective had Paul Harney under

ersonal surveillance, from the time he left his alatial home in the morning until he had re-urned to it for the night. For six weeks he discovered absolutely noth-

The suspense told upon Sibyl, in an unwonted pallor of the cheek and, when she was not dis-sembling lightness of spirits in Egbert's pres-ence, in an air of waiting, ever waiting. Putting her own trouble aside, Adele de-voted herself to the task of cheering the sorely-

M. Bourdoine was extravagant in his impatience, called the detective and his assistants dullards, and finally worked himself up to such a pitch, between his anxiety for his pupil and his own impatience of delay, that he set himself to watch Paul Harney.

"Sibyl," said her husband, when one day she returned to him with an unusual depression of spirits, "give up this vain pursuit."

"Why, we have but just begun, dear," she replied, smiling with an effort.

"But you are being worn out by anxiety."

"My, husband," replied the loyal wife, "when you have suffered twenty years, can I not watch M. Bourdoine was extravagant in his impa

ou have suffered twenty years, can I not watch But the longer you cling to hope, the more oitter will be the inevitable disappointment,"
"We are not prepared to concede that disappointment is inevitable, you know."

"My darling, I cannot have your health un-dermined. Let us go away from here, where your anxiety will not be so constantly on the strain. The detectives can work just as well vithout our immediate presence

"Not yet, Egbert. Let me have my own way yet a little longer, my over-solicitous friend!" urged Sibyl, with an assumption of ghtness that was pathetic, it was so veined

The next day she had her reward.

M. Bourdoine rushed into her presence as wild with excitement as if he had just discovered a gold mine.

"Ah! grace a ciel! (heaven be praised!)" he ried, catching her hands and kissing them, ze eye of love shall discern in ze darkness—ze "2e eye of love shall discern in ze darkness—ze importunity of love shall prevail against ze destiny implacable! My pupil, I salute your hand! Monsieur," turning to Egbert, "I embrace you vis ze congratulation heartfelt!"

Sibyl and Adele instantly took the infection of excitement. Even Egbert could not prevent the color from receding from his face.

"Oh, what is it, dear friend?" asked Adele.

"I am just from ze prince of detective, M. Vesey!"

Yes! yes! And what has he discovered?"

"A voman!"
M. Bourdoine laughed at their puzzled looks.
"Eh bien! is note ze voman at ze bottom of all mischief?" he cried.
"Yes; but what of this woman?" asked Adele, willing to concede the argument in general, if only she could get at the facts in particular. M. Bourdoine assumed his most melodramatic

'Conceive ze situation!' he said. "M. Craig

goes out of town—"
"Yes," interrupted Adele, "he went the day "Yes," interrupted Adele, "he went the day before yesterday, on a vacation of two weeks."

"Good! Ze arch-conspirator is alone in his private office—alone vis ze conscience trouble-some. He pace to and fro. He frown. He pull

when the pace to and fro. He frown. He pull is mustaches.
"Visout, ze detective vatch vis sleepless eye."
"Well, a woman came to the office?"
"A voman" cried M. Bourdoine, with an air most mustawn and then carried mustawn. great mystery, and then carried on a dialogue with himself to this effect:

Is she on foot?
At ze door—yes. But behold! around ze orner she have just stepped from a carriage!
"She is note meanly dressed? ze beggar ride ote in ze carriage.
"Eh bien! she is ze fashion-plate embodi-

ment!

"Beautiful?

"Parbleu!" how shall vone know? Ze vail envious hide her face like ze mask. Allons! nous arons un mystere! (Come, here is a mystery!)"

"And the woman entered the office?" asked Adele, fretting at M. Bourdoine's dramatic narelina."

rative."
"Enters, and is closeted, five—ten—fifteen—

"Enters, and is closeted, five—ten—fifteen—twenty minute vis ze arch-conspirator!"

M. Bourdoine paused to let this announcement have its full effect.

"Well?" urged Adele.

"Ze detective gets a carriage and stations eet at a little distance. Zen he lie in vait.

"Ze voman comes fort'!

"Voila! her step is a stride, her carriage is erect, like vone who is elated. She pass near ze detective. She pant, like vone who have triumph. She is flushed. Her eyes sparkle t'rough her vail.

"She enter her carriage. Ze detective enter his

'Keep zat carriage in sight,' is his order. 'Monsieur, eet shall be done,' replies ze

As zey go, ze detective change his dis-

guise.

"Ze carriage stop. Madame has entered a bank! Eh bien! has she a deposit to make?"
Again M. Bourdoine paused.

"Go on! go on!" urged Adele.

"Ze detective enters ze bank. V'ile madame deposit five hundred dollar—attend!—five hundred dollar!—he get change for five dollars and pass out. pass out.

Vonce more he follow her to her place of

"Vonce more he follow her to her place of abode!"

"All this may be consistent with the lady's innocence of blackmail, which seems to be your inference," observed Egbert.

"Hold vone moment! Ze detective goes back. Behold M. Harney appear livid vis ze pallor of ze ghost. His knees tremble. He have ze aspect of terror. He enter ze carriage vich ze messenger boy have summoned, and drive home two hour before his usual time!

"Allons, mon ami! qu'est ce que c'est que cela?" (Come, my friend, what is the significance of all this?)"

"My dear," said Egbert, taking his trembling

My dear," said Egbert, taking his trembling wife in his arms, "do not build too much hope upon this. It is most likely delusive."

She made no reply. She only rested in his arms, with her face hidden in his breast.

For a week detective Vesey "piped" Paul Harney's lady visitor. The information gained may be condensed in the following

SUMMARY: 1. Name—Mdme, Angelice, 2. Nativity—French, 3. Style of living—Good to elegant, 4. Means of support—None visible.

M. Bourdoine's detective fever left him no M. Bourdoine's detective fever left him no rest, though it must be confessed that his methods lacked system. If he had accomplished results commensurate with the zeal and energy displayed, he would have left nothing for the professional detective.

On the evening of the day one week subsequent to the strange lady's visit to Paul Harney, the Frenchman was hurrying through the streets when a woman dressed in dark gray watermroof cleak came down a cross street and

waterproof cloak came down a cross street and passed quickly before him. A puff of wind blew aside her vail, and he caught a glimpse of her face in the light of the street lamp.

"Ah! grace a Dieu!" cried the Frenchman, and caught her by the wrist.

and caught her by the wrist.

The woman uttered a scream of affright and struggled to get away; but he would doubtless have held her, had not a new actor appeared on the scene—a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, who

with a single blow of his fist knocked M. Bour-doine hopelessly out of time.

Taking advantage of her release, the woman sped away in the darkness. But before she did so her eyes rested a moment in terror on the face of the man who had interfered in her be-

He, too, saw her face before she could drop her vail. A moment he stood as if undecided, and then, with an oath, he left M. Bourdoine to gather his scattered wits, and started in pursuit

f the woman.

His momentary hesitation gave her an ad-antage, and he was just in time to see her enter vantage, and he was just in time to see he a carriage and be driven rapidly away. His chagrin was marked by a man who had een dogging the woman's footsteps on the other ide of the street.

doe of the street.

"Oho!" muttered the last-mentioned indi-ridual. "Here is another party in the field.
Let us make his acquaintance."

Detective Vesey, for it was no other, transvidual. ferred his attentions to the man who betraved so much emotion on being eluded by the wo-The latter retraced his steps until he reached

The latter retraced in steps until he reached the discomfited Frenchman.

"Ah! M. Longue Jacque!" cried M. Bourdoine, impulsively, and then—not because he recognized his assailant, since in fact he had not seen him, but remembering that he was now again hostile to the gambler—he bowed stiffly and passed on.

and passed on and passed on.

Long Jack looked after him, greatly puzzled.

"What has he to do with her?" he muttered, and after a moment's thought brought his hands together with a sharp concussion, by way of accompaniment to a round eath.

Meanwhile the detective had scored a point.

"Ah! my dear Long Jack! we seem to be coming to you at last. Come! come! three links form a chain."

CHAPTER XXXV PAUL HARNEY'S LADY VISITOR.
GOING back one week, we may enter Paul
Harney's private office at the side of his strange
lady visitor, though the detective was denied

As she entered, the cotton-broker started from As she entered, the cotton-proker started from his chair with a smothered ejaculation, turned ghastly pale, and sunk back again, his hand shaking so that the eye-glasses, held between finger and thumb, rattled a tattoo on his

The lady stared at him with the insolent effrontery of a petty tyrant.
"Well, monsieur, have you forgotten ze courtesy due a lady?" she asked, with a slight

"Be seated—pray, be seated!" said, or rather gasped, the broker, waving her to a chair.
"Merci! (thanks) you are very kind."
The lady seated herself, spreading out her silk skirt like a fan. She smiled at the broker, as if for anyonyd.

for approval.

Not heeding, if indeed he understood her thoughts, he said, hoarsely:

"Why have you come here?"

"Ciel? why should I come?"

The lady shrugged her shoulders and spread aer jeweled fingers.

The broker frowned angrily.

"Only for more blood, you accursed vamius "be myttered".

only for more blood, you accursed vam fre!" he muttered. The lady laughed lightly. "You bleed golden blood, my fairy goblin!" "Do you not consider the danger?" "To whom?"

"To whom."
"To me."
"Parbleu! what is that to me?"
Again the lady shrugged her plump shoulders and showed her pretty teeth.
"It is everything to you!" growled Paul Harney, with none of his wonted meekness.
"Ah, monsieur, I have no love for you, I

assure you!"
"I have no need to be told that."
"You are my banker—that is all. Ha! ha!

"But if you ruin me, what will become of your cash account?"
"Ah! zat is impossible! Is not monsieur rich beyond computation? What is ze little I demand? A bagatelle!"
"Undeed it is not a trifla! But this is not the

Indeed it is not a trifle! But this is not the point. If you bring suspicion upon me, and that leads to investigation, do you not see that your

supplies will be cut off?"

"They will suspect that monsieur is an old gallant. What more?" asked the woman, with

That is not the worst. There are those who may go further back than that."
"Nineteen years! Believe me, it is long for-

gotten."
"It is not forgotten. The whole matter may be dragged to light again at any day."
"Not unless I drag it to light."
Paul Harney winced.
"The boy is not dead, and John Boardman's

coming upon me again was not for nothing."
"Bah! zey have not a particle of proof. Suppose zey should league against you and Jack swear to his share in ze transaction. You dispose of zem as blackmailers. Wisout what I hold—" And she snapped her fingers contemptuously.

"In any event, there is no use in running un-messary risk. Why not get the money—if you will have it—as heretofore?"
"Zere is no mistake about my determination to have it!

to have it! I come to you here because I want more zan ze driblets you have been doling out to me."

"You are crowding me too hard. I cannot afford any considerable amount. Business has gone against us, and if I draw any money out now, when we want all we can get hold of, I shall be asked why."

"Mon Dieu! what more simple? A chaplet

of pearls for your daughter—a diamond brace-let zat has caught ze fancy of your wife!"

"But a woman's fancy for jewelry will not be an acceptable excuse for crippling my busi-

"M. Harney, I know nossing of business technicalities. But I have come for money and I must have it."

How much do you want now?"
'Ten thousand dollars."
'Ten thousand devils!" cried Paul Harney,

leaping from his seat.
"You misunderstand me, monsieur," said the lady, coolly. "Ten thousand dollars—not devils, surely." How am I to get ten thousand dollars?"
Zat is your affair." But you are beside yourself. It is impos-

Oh, no. Monsieur would not go to prison for a paltry sum."
"But I will go to prison before I will be robbed like this."
"Robbed! Ha! ha! It is amusing to

hear monsieur talk about robbery."
"I can't raise the money—that's flat!"
"Ah, surely, Monsieur Harney, ze wealthy cotton-broker, has estates. Shylock who will give him ten thousand dollars on such security." They are mortgaged for all they will stand

I cannot raise the money, I tell you."

"Listen!" said the woman, rising from her chair. "I have come to make a settlement with you. Paul Harney, am I ze only person who has proof of your crime?"

"I believe that you are."

"I not pressessed it, you would be a free

"If you possessed it, you would be a free A purple flush mounted to the broker's sal-

low brow.

"Yes," he said, watching her closely, and apparently holding his breath.

"Would you give ten thousand dollars to stand where you could put ze world at defiance, and get what you have not had for years—one night of clean perfectly free from form?" night of sleep perfectly free from fear?"
The man began to pant and wring his hands

mechanically. "Will you give me the proofs?" he asked, "Yes," she teplied. "I want to leave New Orleans, and ze United States, for zat matter—

no matter why. I can't get any more out of you, and I have fixed upon ze original sum— ten thousand dollars—to sell out my hold on "The price is very high."
'Not a word, or I will double it!"
'When do you want the money?"
'This day week."
'You can have it to morrow."

"See! Zat shows I am letting you off cheep.
How eagerly you jump at my offer."

"If it must be done, it is as easy to be done to-morrow as later."

And you are eager to get ze proofs? Is it Would I give you ten thousand dollars for them if I'were not "Truly! But I do not want ze money until zis day week. Some one might rob me, you know. I shall be ready to leave ze city by zat

Shall I bring the money to the house on River Place?"
"Yes. Ten one-thousand-dollar bills—do One week from to-night, then, at nine

"Do not fail me, or the morning papers will contain sensational head-lines, with your name It is unnecessary to threaten me."
It can do no harm. Monsieur, my good

Madame Angelice swept a mocking courtesy and took her leave.

Paul Harney sunk back into his chair in a physical and moral collapse.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 434.)

GUEST (after a jolly evening)-"Goo'right, ol' fellah; I'll leave my boosh ou'shide door—" Bohemian host—"Au' right, m' boy—hic—no-borry 'll toussh 'm. Goo' light!" A man who is not able to make a bow to his

own conscience in the morning, is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the rest of the world during the day.

-E--- MARINAUS TOURNAUS-E---



Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock

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The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

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BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

WITH this number closes the very interesting and valuable series of "Typical Women "-which have been a very pleasant feature of the paper for many weeks. Another series, we are pleased to state, will ere long be given, from Dr. Legrand's pen, of characters noted in history and literature - thus admirably sustaining the interest excited in this department of the paper.

In Mr. Aiken's "Winning Oar"-started in this number-readers have a most seasonable romance. It is sure to enlist the attention of Collegians generally, since the "Winning Oar" is a "Harvard Boy" of the best stamp; but, as it is also a powerful LOVE ROMANCE, its two-fold elements of interest, well wrought into a plot of more than ordinary power and mystery, will command for it unusual attention.

STRONG and Sterling serials, from the ever popular pens of Joseph E. Badger, Jr., and Oll Coomes, are soon to be given. They are in their authors' best style and favorite fields of Wild Western and South-western life -in which the SATURDAY JOURNAL stands preeminent among popular weeklies. No paper presumes to vie with it in that field.

A NEW story, by Corinne Cushman, is already in hand and soon to follow. It is, like her other serials, a Love Story-a romance of Two Girls' Fates, written with that power and forebodings of the great amount of sickness feeling that have made Corinne Cushman's there was about, the symptoms of all diseases name a great favorite with a very large class of people, old and young.

Sunshine Papers. Eligibilities.

SADIE is twenty-one and not married. dreadful! Such an age! Just think of it! Twenty-one years old, and for three years she has been looking out for a husband, with all the aid that her anxious mamma could give her; but, notwithstanding the combined efforts of two determined and eager women, no male creature has yet been found to unite his destiny with that of Sadie. But the young woman's lack of success has not resulted from ut-ter want of admirers; being bright, and pretty, and not at all at a loss to make the most of her advantages, Sadie is considerable of a favorite with gentlemen. None of the masculines, however, who have indulged in admiration of her, have been eligible as marital partners: and though Miss Sadie has condescended to smile upon them, she has taken good care that they should not presume further upon her acquaintance than to aspire to the winning of one of those same smiles. No indeed! Miss Sadie is a well-brought-up young woman, and from her childhood has known what style of persons are eligibilities, matrimonially con-

Therefore, Miss Sadie's husband-if she ever gets one-must be of a good figure, rather than of a good heart; the hight of his stature will be taken more into consideration than the hight of his intellect; it will be far more important that he know how to bow gracefully, enter a room artistically, and waltz divinely, than that he know how to labor skillfully, hold his place among intelligent thinkers, and aspire to help on the best good of humanity; if he can frame his avowal of love in the most polished and courteous sentences, can seal it with a circle of precious stones, and can lead Miss Sadie to the altar before a crowd of fashionable friends, that just such words have been spoken again and again to women who have never realized their promises, that just such jewels have paid the price of feminine dishonor and masculine lulgence, and that all those friends know of his liaisons and occasional drunken debauches will be generously overlooked; if his name is conwith fame, or aristocratic ancestry, or a big bank account, it matters not how sullied it may be by dishonorable acts, infidel avowals and immoral excesses, it is quite an eligible one for Miss Sadie to take.

Eligibility, with Miss Sadie, and with Miss Sadie's mother, and with scores of young women of Miss Sadie's stamp, and scores of mothers like unto Miss Sadie's maternal progenitor, is not a synonym for honesty, sobriety, industry morality, intellectuality, all that goes to make a man of worth, a man of clear head, clean hands and pure heart. It does not mean-this word eligibility-to many women, to far too many women, that a man is full of honest purpose to do right, high ambition to accomplish some good, desperate resolve to live an honorable and independent life, however cramped may be its circumstances and stern its economy; that physically and morally he has kept himself free from contact with sin; that he possesses a heart' ull of intense and honest love, offers them a life that has not been shared with could buy similar things in a dollar store. I

nim, speaks to them words he has never spoken before; it does not mean that he holds that a nan should be as good and honest as the wo man he asks to be his wife; it does not signify that she who shares his name and fortune should be his friend, companion, helpmeet and equal, instead of a servant, a slave, a plaything, and an inferior.

Shame on the mothers who look for "eligipilities" for their daughters rather than for the onest husband-poor, perhaps, but loving, reverencing, and eager to work for the sake of the girl who is willing to bless and brighten his life by associating her own with it.

No man's good looks, graceful manners, nor arge fortune can atone, to a woman with a soul, for lack of honorable manhood and loyal, devoted love. It may seem well for girls to marry for home, position, or money, but there will surely come a time, in each one's life, when she would give every comfort she possesses to waste the all of her passion upon a man worthy of it, capable of understanding it, and ardent to return it. There is enough misery in poverty, God knows, but there is in finitely more joy in sharing earth's bitterest trials with one loyal heart, than enjoying all of life's luxuries from the hand of any man who is not dearer to the woman to whom he gives them than all else that this world holds. And if a young woman cannot exist, and be happy, without marriage, she had better choose nest, loving husband and starvation, than wait for an eligibility whom she must tutor her heart to accept for the sake of his moneywhich covers a multitude of sins

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

THE USES OF A BRIGHT FACE.

I AM a sincere advocate for cheerfulness, and I have great faith in the "merry heart that doeth good like a medicine"; and my confidence in the proverb—"A blithe heart makes a blooming face," is of an "unshakable" kind. If our physicians did but know the effect their countenances have on their patients, I think they would banish their gloomy looks and change them for bright and cheerful expres-sion; they might sell less pills and potions, but they would certainly thus aid to restore their patients to health, and a good medical man always desires that. It is only the medical humbugs or scamps who keep a patient sick

merely to get more pay.

Not long ago I had the delightful feeling of being "out of sorts" with myself and the rest of humanity, and went moaning and moping about the house until the family and neighbors grew quite worried about me. Some thought was either plotting out a soul-harrowing serial, or taken with a fit of writing poetry, or forming the idea of going lecturing, or study ing for the stage, or of being "crazed in love," or of having had an essay declined, or of being a fit subject for an insane asylum. Not one guessed that I was pining for a real camel'shair shawl! If they had, they would have been the poorest guessers in Christendom, for such was not the case. I scarcely ever strive to reach the unattainable, unless ideas come under that head.

Our own M. D. was away, so we called in the one residing in the next town. He made me shiver just to look at him. He seemed as though he looked on life as a dark valley, and nis conversation was impregnated with dire the ailings of his patients, accompanied with the remark that "most sick people bring their illnesses upon themselves and deserve to suf-fer." He interspersed his speeches with many a dismal moan, and you might as soon think of boiling water with unmelted ice as to find one ray of cheerfulness in his face or conversation. I was glad when he departed, and the pills he left me I consigned to the stove. I knew they were bitter if he compounded them, and I felt bitter enough without the addition of any of

his pills. The next day our own physician returned, and I was so glad to see him! He looked so pleasant, acted so cheerfully, and was so full of good spirits, without being boisterous, that it did one good "only to look at him," and I felt better for his presence. He didn't depress me in my gloom, but he did enliven me with humorous accounts of his adventures. He told me how he had such implicit faith and trust in his horse guiding him aright that, in his long and lonely midnight rides, he would fain indulge in a slight nap and trust to old Jerry, and how he felt that confidence was mis placed or basely taken advantage of when upon one cold and wintry night he found him self heels-over-head in a snow-drift, and spoiling one of his pet dreams. Maybe the horse had gone to sleep too. Then he told me how he was explaining, or striving to explain, the mysteries of a house, reported to be haunted, to a friend as they were standing near it. The doctor was boasting of his courage, and laughed at the timidity of those who had been scared away from the premises by supposed ghosts. He wasn't afraid. Not one bit of it! but he was surprised to see something dart from the haunted spot and jump upon him. Down on his knees went the doctor; whether he intended to pray or had slipped over a stone, or the ice (? was slippery that July night he hadn't made up his mind. Of course he wasn't frightened at the raid of some strange cat. He so laughed at his own adventures and misadventures that the laughter was quite contagious and that effected my cure. I didn't want physic, but I did want cheerfulness.

Is it not so with many of you? Do you not think you would be better if there were more cheerfulness about you, and don't you believe that we would recover sooner from our spleer if our physicians saw how much we needed bright faces about us and lively conversation? I do, and I don't think many of our doctors ought to be so glum and let us wallow in darkness when we so crave the sunshine. So my dear, good M. D's, give us less medicine and

Foolscap Papers. Washingtonian Relics.

SEEING that Congress has recently purchased a batch of relics of a gentleman named Washington, well known to all pure lovers of what they call Truth, I am led to announce that I have a collection of such which have been ac cumulating in the family for several generations; how, I do not know, though some people who had them sometimes missed theirs

I propose to offer these to Congress, and if she has \$120,000 she can have them and no others, pours upon them caresses the like of will warrant every article to be just what it is ordered home.

which no other woman has ever known from and nothing more, and if anything can be him, speaks to them words he has never spoken proven to be false I will acknowledge the fact with great alacrity.

The catalogue consists in part of the following things, viz., to wit, namely, etc.:
One highly antique dismounted boot jack (for

courtesy) with which the general used to peel his boots off invariably every night before re-tiring, and when the heel happened to slip from it and take him on the other shin, and he would dance a hornpipe around on the safe leg, it is said he never used bad words for salve, nor sed his wife with any complicity in the af-

One large mirrror in which Washington used to see himself. If you don't believe it you can look into it yourself and see if he didn't. Do you suppose he could stand himself over in the corner and then go across the room and look at himself any more than you could, even

An ax with which he used to split kindling wood, very dull and large enough to be the father of the celebrated little hatchet, so renowned in his-tory. It is said that when a stick would fly up and take him on the nose he never flung the ax against the side of the wood-shed and indulged in General Butlerisms to any ex-

One waiter; this is not the colored waiter, for you have no doubt seen that he has recently died again lately, and gone again to the bosom of his fathers.

One pair of suspenders, knit, and as sustaining as the Constitution of the United States. This is a relic which binds the past to the present, and is strong enough to do so

A footstool with the print of his foot upon t, made just after he came in out of the rain. It is in large print, and he was the largest man

One tooth-brush, a little large for its age, but looking like it had seen a good deal of gov-ernment service, and had been in many a stirring brush with the enemy which it cleaned out effectually.

Washington's first jeans coat, with holes where the elbows used to be, and every button carefully removed, the pockets containing three nails; one buckle; one brad awl; one old key; one piece of chalk; one Barlow knife, withou blades; one bullet; six small iron rings; four pieces of blue glass; and other evidences of boyhood.

One farewell address. There have been a good many extant but this is the only true one,

and the only one he ever gave.

A piece of the log on which Washington ed the Delaware on that memorable occa-

Washington's plate—the first plate he ever had; a tin one, with the letters of the alpha-bet around it. On this plate he used to eat the product of the B's, fish from the C's with the greatest E's, and Limburger G's, minding his I's, going for his Schweitzer K's, and wings of getting slapped by his father and learning his Oh's, scooping up the P's, flipping his Q, taking his T without paying a V; slashing green cucumbers which are warranted to W up without knowing Y; though it is easy to Z. (Mercy, give me a little air!)

One monkey-wrench. It is supposed that with this he wrenched this country from the grasp of Great Britain, but I hardly give redence to the story; this, however, does not

make it less valuable.

A piece of the chain which he used when his title was Sir Veyor Washington, and which he broke before he began to break the chains that bound us to our mother country stronger than common apron-strings.

A hand-sled with which he used to go down hill before he learned so well to go up hill in life. This is what inured him to snow and cold victuals, for with it he stayed out all day in winter, although he knew well enough that at home there was a warm welcome awaiting him. He thought the welcome, however, was a little too warm, and did not think that his back was a bit cold.

I have also the first cigar he ever smoked up. It is complete, and just as it was in the original. He leaned over the fence when he finished it and didn't seem to know that it was loaded, and it is no wonder that when anybody after ward ever offered him a cigar he got mad. He said there was no fun in it, that he was able to see; and a good-sized emetic answered the same purpose as far as he could see from where he

One dismantled jewsharp, with which he used to sit out on the fence and blow music The old tunes still linger around it "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Old Daniel "The Last Sum of Roser," goes the Peasal," and various sentimental melo

Here is also the cup which he used when he was a boy. I know that it is genuine, for there you can see the print of his lips.

There is also the razor with which he used to shave himself at twenty per cent. discount once a week, after a few lectures from his complainng wife. I tried once to shave with it, and it pulled so that I had serious notions of hitching t up to the farm wagon to see if it would not pull that without any difficulty.

One trundle-bed, which he used to hate to be oulled out of so early in the mornings, and get into so early at nights. This bed is full of old recollections, but not a bug to speak of.

Here is his field-glass-it is not a tumbler, for he never drank water out of a glass because it had a bad name. With this glass he sed to bring the British so close that he could easily rout them, or, if they outnumbered his forces and he was in danger, he turned the little end toward them and sent them far enough away.

I have also the first rhymes that Washington ever wrote, although they say he never drifted on the poetical tide. It is in an old spellingbook, and reads:

"If you want to know the owner, my friend, Look on paige a hundred and tend." "Gorge Washingtum."

The catalogue is very large and valuable. and sufficient to start a muse-um on a grand scale. Congressmen need apply-no refer-

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

OF the SATURDAY JOURNAL, the Jonesboro (Tenn.) Times has to say:

"The New York SATURDAY JOURNAL, a home weekly, is decidedly one of the best and most instructive and entertaining literary papers that we have on our exchange list. It is a large, illustrated, eight-page paper, and is filled to repletion with choice reading matter—such as is just suited for the home circle."

"Just suited for the home circle." When a paper is that, it is many books in one-many

Topics of the Time.

—In the Royal Library, at Paris, is a Chinese chart made 600 B. C., on which 1,460 stars are correctly located. There is also a map of China made 1000 B. C.

—Washington's will is kept in a glass case in the office of the clerk of Fairfax county, Va. The writing has almost all faded away and the paper is so frail that it will not bear handling

—A Biblical curiosity in the English section at the Paris Exhibition, which attracts crowds, is the model of the Tabernacle as it rested during the wandering of the Israelites in the desert; the exterior and interior of the Tabernacle is faithfully constructed according to the details given in the Old Testament.

-Will Capt. Bogardus beat Dr. Carver shoot-—Will Capt. Bogardus beat Dr. Carver shooting? Whether he does or not, the Doctor has another antagonist after him. A late Chevenne paper, speaking of Buffalo Bill, says: "During the fall, he says, he will send a challenge to Dr. Carver, the shootist, believing he can get away with his baggage. Bill will challenge the Doctor to make trials of skill at shooting, on horseback, and going at full speed."

—Cooking by means of solar rays has been tried successfully at Bombay, and an apparatus has been contrived to cook chops and steaks in the open air as well and expeditiously as over an ordinary fire. The apparatus consists of a copper vessel, tinned inside and painted black outside, with a class cover enveloping the vessel. outside, with a glass cover enveloping the vessel with an inch of hot air, and fixed onto the bot-tom of a conical reflector lined with common silvered sheet glass. If properly covered over it will retain the heat for full three hours and a half.

-A careful collaborateur of statistics of crime —A careful collaborateur of statistics of crime gives us some very suggestive information. He ascertains that the number of convicts is now twice as great as 1871, the relative figures being 31,000 and 16,000. The greatest increase is in Georgia, Tennessee, and several Western States. The number of persons in prisons as convicts, or awaiting trial, is 60,000, of whom less than one-sixth are women. About 10,000 of the whole number are in New York, and 4,200 in Massachusetts, where the proportion of prisoners to population is greater than in any other part of the country.

-Few people would think that there are seven wrong ways of washing the face, and but one right. Dr. Wilson's directions are: "Fill your basin about two-thirds full with fresh water; dip your face in the water, and then your hands. Soap the hands well, and pass the soaped hands with gentle friction over the whole face. Havwith gentie friction over the whole face. Having performed this part of the operation thoroughly, dip the face in the water a second time,
and rinse it completely; you may add very
much to the luxury of the latter part of the
operation by having a second basin ready with
fresh water to perform a final rinse,"

Each inhabitant in the United States pays \$2.03 for the support of the public schools and \$1.39 for military purposes. These two items of expenditure in other countries of the world are as follows: Prussia, 51 cents and \$2.29; Austria, 34 cents and \$1.39; France, 29 cents and \$4.50; Italy, 13 cents and \$1.57; England and Wales, 66 cents and \$3.66; Switzerland, 88 cents and \$1. A writer in the Revue Pedagogique (Paris), who has visited California, gives these figures and then asks the question; "If those scourges of society, antagonism and envy, are far from asserting in California the force that they have in the States of Europe, is it not to be attributed in a great part to the effect of her public schools?"

—Professor Forbes, of Edinburg, during some -Each inhabitant in the United States pays

—Professor Forbes, of Edinburg, during some twenty years, measured the breadth and hight, and also tested the strength of both arms and loins, of the students in the university—a very numerous class, and of various nationalities, drawn to Edinburg by the fame of his teaching. He found that in hight, breadth of chest and shoulders, and strength of arms and loins, the Belgians were at the bottom of the list; a little above them the French; very much higher the Belgians were at the bottom of the list; a little above them the French; very much higher the English; the highest of all the Scotch and Scotch-Irish from Ulster, who, like the natives of Scotland, are fed in their early years at least one meal a day of good oatmeal porridge. Therefore eat oatmeal at least once a day. The great Liebig, indeed, declared that oatmeal, next to meat, was the most sustaining food.

Why not proved A French agreem, beginning

—Why not, pray? A French savan, having been called upon to give his views regarding the eating of horseflesh says: "It is like third-rate beef; it cannot be said to have a disagreeable taste, for it has no taste at all. Donkey on the other hand is delicious, and infinitely better eating than beef or mutton. This the French soon discovered during the siege of Paris, for a 'portion' of donkey cost about six times as much as a 'portion' of horse. Cats taste exactly like rabbits; it is impossible to distinguish between rabbits; it is impossible to distinguish between them. The objection to rats is that when cooked their flesh is gritty. This objection, however, is somewhat epicurean, for except for this grittiness they are a wholesome and excellent article of food. I am surprised that there is not a society for the promotion of eating rats. Why should not prisoners be fed with these nourishing and prolific little animals?"

—The question of repeated changes in school-books is, we are glad to see, arousing public at-tention. In Buffalo quite an excitement prevails over the matter. The intrigues of agents and the smartness of publishers keep the school boards and superintendents in such excellent boards and superintendents in such excellent training that every year witnesses the introduction of a new series of Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, Readers, Spellers, Phonography, etc., etc., greatly to the enrichment of the publishers and the disgust of the parent. The charge made for school-books is so outrageously disproportioned to their cost that this fact, and the frequent changes are good reason for the creation of a State Board who shall agree with authors for their works at lowest manufacturer's rates, and order perfect uniformity throughout rates, and order perfect uniformity throughout the State in all text-books. Only this will do away with what is now a nuisance and outrageous imposition on school-book purchasers.

Ous imposition on school-book purchasers.

—The arrest, in Erie, Pa., of a professed "agent" for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, advised the good people of that city and vicinity of the propriety of never paying money to a stranger for something yet to come. This "agent" was soliciting subscriptions for the JOURNAL at one-half the regular process fact in itself so green. soliciting subscriptions for the JOURNAL at one-half the regular price—a fact in itself so suspicious that none should have been deceived; but, when the enterprising genius added to the paper "two fine chromos, framed"—to be given to each dollar and a half subscriber, the agent proved himself to be a near relative of Artemas Ward's "amoosin' cuss," whose photograph ought to adorn the parlor walls of every victim. We may now repeat what we have often said—we have no agents or canvassers who are especially authorized to act for us. We take no subscription at reduced rates, nor give any "chrocally authorized to act for its. We take no subscription at reduced rates, nor give any "chromos" as a bonus; so that any person who assumes to act for us and promises the JOURNAL at less than published terms is a good subject to hand over to the police.

—John Brown, the trusted servant of the Queen, is said to owe his popularity to the fact that the majority of English servants, from the palace to the plain residence in England, are great sticklers about their proper duties. The butler would see the kitchen on fire and the cook and pantry flooded before interfering in saving the property of their employer, simply because it was not in their department. John Brown is above such narrow prejudices. If her because it was not in their department. John Brown is above such narrow prejudices. If her majesty has to go anywhere, have anything done from a cup of tea to the packing of a trunk, from the selection of a horse to the purchasing of a book, John Brown is always on hand, ready, able and willing to bound over all the barriers of red tape and formal departments, and get and do these things, or see that they are done promptly and properly. In this friends in one—preacher, doctor, traveler, story-teller, poet and humorist—just what is our idea of a good paper. We shall aim to make it the ever-welcome guest to every well-ordered home.

In they are done promptly and properly. In this readiness and untiring attendance, he has ingratiated himself with the good Queen, who fully values his honest energy and integrity, and who has thus made him her favorite gillie. He knows his place and keeps it. He earns his pay and pockets it.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "The Battlefield;" "The Way it Ran;"
"A Hope Fulfilled;" "Marcia's Maid;" "Won by a
Stroke;" "Love's Last Song;" "Leave Me Not.
Foreveri" "The Last Rifle Ball;" "A Killing
Game;" "The Ride of Roses;" "Surely, She Said
Yes;" "Keepsakes."

Declined: "Dandy Jim's Big Spree;" "Old Tohac;" "The Antelope Race;" "Did He Die;" "A
Row up the Yellowstone;" "Mrs. Pogson's Best
Bed;" "A New Genus;" "Love or Lucre;" "The
Squire's Daughter;" "Spending a Dollar;" "The
Gate to the Lane;" "Nancy Johnson's Beau;" "A
Loss on the Sand."

OSCAR A. F. Send the letter, care of this office. A. C. Do not care to see the MS referred to. Wrote by postal.

KITTY CLOVER. Say yes to the lady if she is in earnest and you know her well. earnest and you know her well.

H. L. E. See BEADLE'S DIME BASE-BALL PLAYER for the scores of the last year's games.

HARRISON. Body-snatching is a State's prison offense, if discovered. Medical students are the chief customers of the "resurrectionists."

A New Reader. Mrs. Fleming, we believe, is not now writing for the press. The other lady you name has not written a serial for some time, but may at any time reappear in that field, in these columns.

HENRY and M. If you two could learn the same trade it would be an excellent idea, seeing that thus you could always work together. It is nice and pleasing to see brothers in partnership, in any business or profession.

P.B.R. Steamers vary greatly in their consumption of coal. An ocean passage allowance of the New York and Liverpool lines is about 300 tons.—If, your writing does not improve it is because your style is fixed, and you can only change it by much careful practice by copy or under a master.

Constant Reader. A philopena is regarded as "a debt of honor," because there is no power to enforce its collection. When a person pledges honor, in any transaction, not to fulfill the promise is simply dishonorable. In the case mentioned you have a right to the picture, but, if you see that the lady does not want to give it, it would but be the act of a gentleman not to urge the claim.

Solutier As we have recently newword any and

the act of a gentleman not to urge the claim.

SOLDIER. As we have recently answered any and all questions in regard to West Point, by publishing Capt. Plummer's series of papers on Life at the Government Military Academy, we must refer you to those papers for information. The present Secretary of War is Geo. W. McCrary, of Iowa. You had better consult with your Member of Congress in regard to appointments.

in regard to appointments.

S. Gray. You cannot become an actor by studying history. To be an actor demands a genius or special ability for acting and expression. Having this genius your course, then, is to get a position as subordinate in some respectable theater, and gradually grow up to prominent parts. It is well enough to read history—especially the history of the drama; but your studies are to be directed in a line of personal training and dramatic art.

Gamboog. We have no idea how the "picture-

GAMBOGE. We have no idea how the "picture-restorer" does his work, but presume it is by a very cheap and simple method, so his prices are simply preposterous. An excellent method to "restore," or bring out freshly, oil-paintings dim or discolored by age, is to brush them free from dust, and then cover with a layer of shaving-soap for a few minutes, after which let them be thoroughly dried and soaked in nitro-benzine. Any one can do this.

in nitro-benzine. Any one can do this.

Gyoscurus. Buffalo Bill's local address is North Platte, Nebraska—where his great cattle ranch is located. He has not abandoned the stage, but is to play in all the Western cities this winter with a singularly strong dramatic organization, in which two young white Pawnec chiefs and a number of Indians are features. Mr. Cody's ambition is to present wild Western life, sports, perils and people exactly as they are. He, himself, is a most admirable actor and manager.

CHAS V. If a gentleman with ladies attempts to

and manager.

Chas. Y. If a gentleman with ladies attempts to crowd you off your place he is bound, as a gentleman, to apologize. If you yield your place to the ladies it is a courtesy they should acknowledge.—
The marking of hands and arms, by India ink, is a practice that had better be avoided. Once the skin is inoculated it is there for a lifetime, no matter how much you may wish it away. Do not permit the tattooing. It is sure, sooner or later, to annoy you.—Buffalo Bill is a "Western boy"—born and bred.

bred.

L. U. M. Any good school is open for scholars over twenty. Many girls at Vassar are over that age. You can study music as well at home, taking practice hours daily at your teacher's if you have no piano of your own. It is very sensible for you to try and make up for lost time, and certainly greatly to your credit to wish for ways to earn the money and pay your cuition. Not a particle of "discredit" in receiving the best pay you can get for your efforts. Those who "turn up the nose" at you can be very readily dismissed from notice.

Mrs. Esther C. Try on your child, for croup,

Mas. Esther C. Try on your child, for croup, the alum cure, as it is called. Pound the alum, mix with twice its bulk of powdered sugar, and administer a teaspoonful every ten minutes until relief comes. In many cases the relief is immediate,—Diphtheria is not croup at all, although the fungus growth or "patches" in the throat somewhat resemble the croup membrane. Diphtheria really is a blood poison, in its fatal stages. Only the best a blood poison, in its fatal stages. Only the best medical men should be called to its treatment. The "specific" referred to we believe to be a cruel humbug. There is no specific for such a dis-

ease.

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER. The nicest tinctures to use for flavoring your puddings, ices, cakes and custards, are home-made ones of lemon, orange and vanilla. Never throw away lemon or orange peek, but carefully cut off the yellow outside, and put it into a tightly-corked bottle, with alcohol enough to cover it. Let it stand until the alcohol is a bright yellow, then pour off the liquid, bottle tightly, and use according to taste. Buy vanilla beans, break them, and make the tincture in the same way. In this manner you can have superior tinctures for this manner you can have superior tinctures for much less than you pay for poor ones at the grocery. much less than you pay for poor ones at the grocery.

ELLA DONNY writes: "I am going on a short traveling tour next month, and nowhere shall stop long enough to need other than my traveling dress. Will you tell me the nicest thing to use for such a costume, as I want it to be a little more dressy than an ordinary traveling suit?" Get a glace silk, or hair-striped one, or—better still—an American-Cheney silk. Have it made stylishly, and carry the basque in your sachel, and wear an alpaca, or linen, or flannel blouse under your ulster until you stop at a hotel, when it will be an easy matter to array yourself in the silk basque and look nice and fresh. An ulster is indispensable for traveling, and fresh linen collars and cuffs.

Jim L. L. writes: "Will you please tell me when

linen collars and cuffs.

JIM L. L. writes: "Will you please tell me when the Scriptures were first called the Bible, and by whom? Also, in the reign of what king the first English Bible was printed; and what city is called the 'City of the Violet Crewn?" The name Bible was first given to the Old and New Testament by Chrysostom, in the fourth century. Miles Coverdale published the first Bible, in England, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and dedicated it to the king. The first Bible issued by his majesty's royal authority was Cranmer's Bible, published in 1537. The City of the Violet Crown is Athens; so called from its being situated in the center of the plain of Attica and surrounded by a ring of hills, except upon the south—which looks toward the ecean; and at the sunsetting these hills take the most marvelous violet tints.

at the sunsetting these fills take the most marvelous violet tints.

M. Ella M. asks: "Who was Puck, and who Niobe, and who Queen Mab? And how can I find out about such personages, when I come across mention of them in books or papers?" Puck was a celebrated fairy, called also Robin-Goodfellow, Friar Rush and Pug, etc. He was the "merry wanderer of the night."—Niobe was a character in Grecian mythology, the wife of Amphion, King of Thebes. She was so proud of her children that she provoked Apollo and Diana who slew them all; upon which Niobe was struck dumb with grief, remaining stupid ever after. The poets prettily fancy her to have been turned to stone.—Queen Mab is the name always used by English poets to designate the imaginary queen of the fairies.—You can post yourself concerning mythological characters by obtaining books on Grecian and more modern mythology, or by a good classical dictionary. Even the latest edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will, help you considerably.

Clara M. writes: "Please tell me what your opin-

edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will. help you considerably.

CLARA M. writes: "Please tell me what your opinion is of people who take photographs out of albums. Is it not stealing? I had a very nice picture of a young lady friend, a gift from herself. Now she is married, and one day her husband, when calling at my house, abstracted that picture from my album, though I had had it long before he ever knew her, and carried it away. I think it was a mean thing to do." And we fully agree with you. It is just as much stealing to take a picture from a person's album as to take a pair of gloves, or a piece of jewelry, or a pocket-book from a bureau drawer; and if it is possible for one sin to be meaner than another we think stealing the photographs of a person's friends is the meanest kind of stealing. Any man or woman who will deliberately robatice of a likeness that may be of incalculable value, or even of one that they know has no value, is a thief—however he or she may seek to palliate the sin to their own minds.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

THE DESERTED NEST.

BY D. CHANNING ROBJE.

Where are the robins that early in spring Built their nest in the maple tree? No longer at even I hear them sing Their sweet strains of melody.

From my window I watched them, day by day, As they toiled in the maple tree; Now placing a straw here and there, then away For more they went merrily.

When the nest was done they were proud, I know, For louder they piped their notes, As from branch to bough they hopped to and fro, Pouring music from their red throats.

Soon a little blue egg in the nest was laid; Then caroled the robins the more; And so they kept happily on, till they made The eggs in the nest to count four.

By turns they would sit on the nest, and gaze Down at my window for hours. Sitting or singing throughout the bright days That were sweet with blossoming flowers.

A few weeks passed, and then there arose A chirrup within the nest; And soon o'er the edge a moving thing shows The form of a little red-breast! The old birds hunted along the roadside, And flew back with a cherry or worm; Then four little mouths were opened wide To await their appointed turn.

So the days went on, and the little things Feathered out, and the nest was filled; They crowded and chirruped, and fluttered their

wings, While the old robins warbled and trilled. Then the young birds flew from the parent nest, And lonely the old ones grew; They lingered awhile, then started in quest Of the truants; It was their adieu!

Now the nest is silent, deserted and lone: No more in the maple tree
Do I hear the caroling, sweet silver tone
Of the robins' clear melody.

Thus ever it is: we thoughtlessly go From the sheltering parent nest, Out into the world, with its coldness and woe, From the hearts that love us the best.

There cometh a day we shall cease to roam; There will be dearth of sorrow and tears When we gather to dwell in that other home Through the Master's eternal years!

Typical Women. CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

The Queen of Tragedy.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

Who shall succeed Siddons? The world asked that question when the great tragedienne passed forever from the stage, little dreaming that a poor, broken-down operasinger—and a typical Yankee girl at that—was to be that successor.

to be that successor.
But as poets are born not made, so of actors. But as poets are born not made, so of actors. That Yankee girl, coming of real old Puritan stock, was born to "act;" and though all her early training was utterly at variance with the demands of the stage, a knowledge of the drama, and a taste for scenic art, yet the genius for dramatic expression was in her, and the actress came forth, even against the wishes of friends, but also to her own surprise, for she was driven to the stage—an accident gave the world its latest queen of tragedy, as we shall see.

Charlotte Saunders Cushman, born in Boston July 23d, 1816, came of "Roundhead" blood—being the eighth generation descendant of that Robert Cushman who, with William Brewster, organized the first Puritan colony of New England. From such stock she could hardly be otherwise than of orthodox Puritan views, which embraced, besides the articles of covenant, a special aversion for the stage, and a firm belief that an actor was bound as straight for prediction as a good Calvinist for Paradic

belief that an actor was bound as straight for perdition as a good Calvinist for Paradise. Charlotte was the eldest of four children. Her

Charlotte was the eldest of four children. Her father was a well-to-do merchant, who "brought up" his family judiciously and honorably, according to the best New England standard; but the great misfortune of his death plunged the widow into the sore distress of poverty, and it thus became necessary for Charlotte, though then but sixteen years of age, to turn what strength and talent she had to aid in supporting the others.

Her most apparent resource lay in her voice, which was a contralto of peculiar timbre and

which was a contralto of peculiar timbre and of rare range. But circumscribed by Boston prejudices against the step, she could only look to the choir, or at most to the concert in oratorio. She acted promptly. After a few weeks' training she took her place in a Boston church and almost at once attracted notice. and almost at once attracted notice. A wealthy gentleman plead for the privilege of educating her musically, and with his well-timed assist-ance Charlotte pursued a thorough course of in-

struction—meanwhile singing frequently in con-cert, greatly to the pleasure of all music-lovers. Then there appeared in Boston the then quite Then there appeared in Boston the then quite famous soprano singer, Mrs. Joseph Wood, who, hearing Miss Cushman in oratorio, unhesitatingly pronounced her voice to be "the finest contralto in America;" and at her earnest persuasion the Puritan girl was induced to enter upon study for the opera. Friends protested, for, was not opera acting? and was not that one of the seven abominations?

But such opposition had no terrors for her, now that her ambition was fully awakened, and

now that her ambition was fully awakened, and

now that her ambition was fully awakened, and her capabilities made evident. In childhood she had shown a strong will that girlhood had not tamed. She said of herself:

"I was an awful child, full of irresistible life and impulsive will; living fully in the present, looking neither before nor after, as ready to execute as to conceive; full of imagination." In her young womanhood she was not less self-assertive. Indeed, that trait strengthened with her years. To resolve upon a course was to do it. Having made up her mind to succeed on the operatic stage, her humble profession of music-teacher and choir singer was abandoned, and for two years she studied for the lyric stage with such aid as the musical culture of Boston then afforded. Boston then afforded.

Her first appearance in opera was her debut at the Tremont theater, Boston, in April, 1835 —she then being nineteen years of age. Her success was quite astonishing. Her voice was superb, and her acting in "Figaro" so full of energy and the exquisite spirit of true art, that she made not merely a hit but a profound impression. Her friends then realized how proper had been her choice of profession. been her choice of profession.

This season's success was followed by an engagement for the "operatic season" in New Orleans—then the only city in the country boasting an opera-house, and having its regular "seasons." Her appearance there in the fall of 1835 was equally a success at first, but, to her dismay, her voice becan to fail under the engage. dismay, her voice began to fail; under the enervating influence of the climate the wonderfully rich lower notes of her register almost utterly left her! With the pluck which ever characterized her the young cantatrice undertook the full soprano roles, and for awhile succeeded, but the unnatural strain soon told upon her and it became evident to her and her friends that her

voice was indeed broken, perhaps irrevocably so.

Her grief over this catastrophe we can well
surmise was intense. At the very opening of a
career which gave promise of fame and fortune
to see the prize wrested from her, and to know
that thenceforth her walk in life must be the
humble one of music-teacher was indeed torture
to a soul so brave and embitious

numble one or music-teacher was indeed torture to a soul so brave and ambitious.

In her misery, again a "professional" came to her aid. Wm. E. Burton, the comedian, was then playing in New Orleans. He had seen Charlotte repeatedly, in her operatic characters, and had formed an opinion regarding her dramatic capabilities which he now came forward to urge.

test your powers your success will prove what I say, and instead of your loss of singing voice being a calamity it will have been a blessing in

disguise,"
She was away from Boston and the friends whose horror of the theatrical stage would have led them to wish her in her grave rather than inflict on them the disgrace of an actress's career. She was in a strange city, poor, afflicted and hopeless. Burton's genial face and confident words of encouragement came to her like the friendly hand to the drowning wretch. She grasped at the hand and, behold!—a new world to her—a new star in the firmament for the her—a new star in the firmament for the ople:—almost at a step Charlotte Cushman

to her—a new star in the firmament for the people:—almost at a step Charlotte Cushman was famous.

Under Burton's advice and direction she struck for the loftiest character for her debut—that of Lady Macbeth. She had not the benefit of teacher or trainer. She was too poor even to hire proper apartments for study and practice. On the floor of the garret of her boarding-house she sat, hour by hour, poring over her task—of "committing" her part and efforts for its interpretation. She had seen it played often enough, by the old-fashioned, romantic school of actors, but only to her disgust. Studying the part, in her garret, she soon began to see Shakspeare's magnificent creation in the light of her own genius; little by little Lady Macbeth grew into her very soul—a living creature; she was, to the enthusiastic girl, so real that Charlotte was ceaselessly thinking of her, awake, and dreaming of her, asleep. Never having seen Siddons, the New England girl was turned in upon herself, wholly, to interpret the character and embody its action.

That ignorance of models and absence of teachers, added to her own remarkable force of character, gave us Charlotte Cushman's Lady Macbeth—something so new, so grand, so sustained that, when it was presented, in London, to Siddons's own audience, the verdict was final:—it was the finest impersonation of the character ever accomplished.

Her first appearance at Cauldwell's theater, New Orleans, in the spring of 1836, was a great event. Intense interest had already been excited by the rumor that the songstress was to abandon the opera-house for the stage, and the night of her debut witnessed the abandonment of the opera-house for the theater by the best people of the city. The place was "jammed," and never was audience more astonished. "They were soon appalled," we are told, "by the powers which Charlotte Cushman exhibited." It was like a revelation to them. Never had they seen such acting. "She made the people understand the character that Shakspeare drew; she was neither stilted, n

exhibited." It was like a revelation to them. Never had they seen such acting. "She made the people understand the character that Shakspeare drew; she was neither stilted, nor mockheroic, nor monotonous, but so fiercely, so vividly natural that the spectators were afraid of her as they would have been of a pantheress let love."

That success of course determined her career. No thought now of her lost notes. Her vocalization, however, had been a fine training for her enunciation, and her voice owed much of its wondrous expression to her musical practice and culture. Who can ever forget that voice after having heard it in Lady Macbeth, Meg Merilles, Romeo, Hamlet? Sweet and low, as a summer song, or loud and deep as the roar of the tempest, it swept the whole range of expression from gentleness and pathos to terror and tragedy.

from gentleness and pathos to terror and tragedy.

She was now the Star of American boards. After a splendid season in New Orleans she came North and played in New York, first in the Old Bowery, and then a long season at the Park, supporting Forrest in all his great parts, viz.: Goneril to Lear; Servia to Virginius; the Priestess to his Brutus (Payne's); the Queen in his Humlet, etc., etc., and in the winter of 1837-8 carrying this support to his Othello, Gladiator, Damon, Metamora, William Tell, Richard III. and Coriolanus.

To trace her career from this point onward is to record one unending series of stage triumphs.

To trace her career from this point onward is to record one unending series of stage triumphs. When Macready came to America she was called upon to sustain him, and so well did she do this that that great actor found himself not the lone star of the evening. He was very much of a gentleman and had no feeling of envy for the Yankee girl's equal share in the public applause. By his advice and confident prediction of victory, she ventured to cross the water and strike for the place that, since Siddons's death, no woman had presumed to fill. This was in the fall of 1844. It was a great venture, indeed. Alone she entered the old city of London, with the then very strong prejudice against everything American to overcome and a special contempt for Yankee playwrights to conquer.

She was poor enough to be compelled to take humble lodgings. The support of mother and sisters had drawn heavily upon her earnings, splendid wardrobes had made incessant demands upon her income. But Macready's decided independent were the part of the part

upon her income. But Macready's decided indorsement won her a ready hearing, and at her first appearance at the Princess theater she created quite a sensation as Bianca in Milman's "Fazio;" but her Lady Macbeth, which soon followed, to Forrest's Macbeth, made her "the race." She became the town's talk. The press She became the town's talk. The press was full of her. The staid monthlies and quar-terlies took it up in discussions of her concep-tion and embodiments of characters so old to the tion and embodiments of characters so old to the stage but so wholly new and unconventional in their rendering. For three years she reigned there, the conceded queen of tragedy, and returned to America in 1849, confirmed in her great fame, rich in gold and with a personal reputation that shed luster on her calling.

After "starring" it through the States for several years, she returned to England in 1852, where for three years more she was the particular.

where for three years more she was the particu lar attraction of the theatrical and social world; and then, weary with her labors, sa-tiated with triumph that left no more honors to be won, and rich in purse, she turned her face toward Rome, having in view a per-manent residence there, amid associations and surroundings that, to one of her fine tastes, surroundings that, to one of her fine tastes, would be immeasurably satisfying. "She was then," says a reviewer, "in the fullness of her powers. In her personal appearance there was a winning charm far above mere beauty of feature. She had a stately presence, a movement always graceful and impressive, a warm, healthy complexion, wavy, chestnut hair, and magnificent eyes. Go where she might, she was always the commanding figure in the scene. Her great intellectual force was blended with Her great intellectual force was blended with singular sweetness and sympathy, producing an attraction which none but the coldest natures

In her beautiful home in Rome she dispensed In her beautiful home in Rome she dispensed an elegant hospitality, and many a struggling artist owed to her kindly sympathy and aid help in time of need. But, one born to the stage, and once having tasted the ravishing draught of its excitement, cannot long dwell in the quiet content of a quiet home, and Charlotte Cushman was no exception to the rule; for she broke up the monotony of her peaceful life by reappearances both on the English and American stage—after short seasons returning to her lovely villa at the base of the Pincian Hill, so renowned in history. At the breaking out of our tered in history. At the breaking out of our ter-rible civil war, she came again to America and reatly contributed to the success of the noble Sanitary Commission, by her numerous benefits—never acting with more power and success. Then she returned again to Rome, but was orced to undergo a severe surgical operation or cancer. After that the stage was forbidden to her; but, still full of the old fire, returning to America, she gave "Readings," which were exceedingly popular; and, finally, despite her physical suffering from incurable disease, she undertook a series of farewell engagements. At her last appearance in New York (at Booth's theater, Saturday night, November 7th, 1874) she was publicly crowned, the aged poet, Bryant, placing the laurel crown on her head, and after other beautiful and appropriate ceremonies, she was drawn to her hotel by her admirers' own

It was a fitting close to a great career. She matic capabilities which he now came forward to urge.
"You are, Miss Cushman, a born actress; your place is not on the operatic boards but in the theater; if you will once make the effort to

MAUD OF SHENANDOAH.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON,

know thou art a dark-eyed forest queen; On thy brow shines a crown of scarlet leaves; The wind wafts away to me, unseen, Bright gleanings from among sweet memory

sheaves. Shenan's stream, along the lowlands, gently flowing, Reflects thy form at even's holy time; The wild rose amid the valleys growing, Greets thee as the vesper wakes the chime.

Thy song, like the harp-chord's gentle quiver,
Hails the morning as she sits upon the hill;
As the mist, slowly rising from the river,
And revealing near the olden ruined mill,
Offers incense to the coming of the sun,
While the dew sparkles bright upon the thorn,
And the matin calls the fairles, one by one,
To their haunts amid the fields of golden corn.

An ideal thou must be of the poet's mystic dream, When he saw upon the summit high of fame, A being clad in beauteous rainbow sheen, Who wrote upon the column the letters of his

wish no shining characters upon fame's mighty scroll,

No encomium upon the walls of art—
f but my name may be an echo in thy soul.
And engraven on the tablets of thy heart

Whom Will She Marry? BETH FOSS,

The Parson's Daughter.

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER,

AUTHOR OF "PRETTY PURITAN," ETC. CHAPTER XXI.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure Married in haste, we may repent at leisure." A sort tap upon the door, to which a low,

Mr. Jack Prentiss, at that, walked into the small, plain apartment, carrying with him a smiling face, a great cluster of rosebuds and violets, and the clinging freshness of the balmy,

sunshiny spring day.

"Oh, is it you?" cried the lonely occupant of the room, a petite, girlish figure lying upon the bed, stretching out her hand, and bursting into

bed, stretching out her hand, and bursting into a storm of sobs that shook her slight frame con-vulsively.

"Nita! Nita! What does this mean? Are you not glad I am come? What has happened?" The gentleman went hastily to the girl's side and took one little hand into his own. But Nita.

and took one little hand into his own. But Nita drew it quickly away and hid her face.

"Nita, you were weeping before I came in. What was the matter? Will you try to tell me?"

"Everything!" sobbed the girl, despairingly.

"You are not worse, are you?"

"I cannot dance any more. I was dismissed, finally, a week ago, and I suppose they were very good to bear with me so long. I have tried for something else to do, but could get nothing; and yesterday and to-day the pain in my side has been too bad, and I have been too weak, to get out of the house."

has been too bad, and I have been too weak, to get out of the house."

"Do not worry about work, Nita, until you are quite well again."

"I shall never be well, again, Mr. Prentiss"—growing suddenly, desperately calm, but speaking with a little horrified shiver. "I am going to die. I feel it, just as surely as if I was already dead—and oh! it is so dreadful to think of! Not the dying, you know. I have no one to live for, no one to care when I am gone; but to think of the waiting for death! Waiting, waiting, day and night, all alone, no one to talk with, no one to love me, no one to be sorry and hold my

day and night, all alone, no one to talk with, no one to love me, no one to be sorry and hold my hand as you are doing, while I am looking for the last time upon the sunlight!"

"Nita, little girl, you must not talk like that!" said Jack, pitifully, as the ballet-dancer shudderingly hid her face, again, in her hands. "You are comfortable here, are you not? And I promise you that you shall have the best of care, until you are better; for it is foolish to think you will die. You are low-spirited, to-day."

"No: I cannot live, I tell you! No one knows how bad I am; but I know. I can never get well, and I am going to a hospital, to-morrow."

"Going to a hospital! Never, Nita!"

"I must! Mrs. Withers will turn me out of the house, if I do not get out of it, and I have nowhere to go—no one to go to!"

nowhere to go—no one to go to!"
Oh! the pitiful, pitiful, woefulness of Nita's voice. It wrung Jack Prentiss's generous heart, and almost brought the tears to his liquid dark

Nita, is it because you are not able longer to pay the rent?"
The girl assented with a quick, despairing, shame-faced glance, a crimson glow suffusing her delicate face, which had grown sadly wan and thin since that night when Mr. Prentiss had

first seen her journeying, alone, through the stormy winter's night. 'I have tried to be so economical," she explained, in a low, shy way. "I might have got cheaper lodgings, but I clung to this place because it was respectable, and I had no one to take care of me after father was gone. But oh!"—with touching wistfulness, and her eyes fixed upon his face with an unconscious worshipfixed upon his face with an unconscious worship-ful regard, that betrayed to the man of the world the very innermost depths of the girl's heart, "you do not know how hard and cruel good, respectable people are! Mrs. Withers and her sister have no pity—no pity, and they will not believe a word I say about—" Nita broke not believe a word I say about—" Nita broke off there, and made an attempt to end her sentence differently. "They would not let me stay, if I could pay my rent; they only kept me—" "What is it concerning which they will not believe you!" Jack interrupted, speaking gently but commandingly. "About you," whispered Nita. "And you are the only friend I have ever had since I came to New York."

"Poor little girl!"—very gently. Then, arising, and bringing her the violets and rosebuds, "You have not even looked at my flowers. Try to enjoy them a little time—I want to

Nita took them from his hands with an eloquent, grateful glance and laid them upon her lips; and, stirred by some swift, pitying emotion, Jack Prentiss stooped and lifted the flowers and left a caress there, instead. It was the first liberty this handsome lawyer, so much the peer of the friendless ballet-dancer, had ever taken; and the pure-souled little Bohemian girl understood the manly reverence with which it had been bestowed, and never thought of resenting the act. It filled her soul with delicious tumult though as yet, she was scarcely conscious. mult, though, as yet, she was scarcely conscious of how her heart had gone out in utter love for this man. She told herself the kiss was a mere token of friendship; but friendship, even, to the lonely Nita was new, and strange, and sweet.

And, having given that mute, pitiful caress,
Jack Prentiss turned to the window, and stood

looking out into the shabby narrow street, from which high walls shut out all the spring sun-shine, as all the golden sheen of life, if indeed it had ever held any, was being shut out of Nita Raymond's existence; and thought of the ballet-girl, and—of another woman, young and fair, and of high degree; a beautiful blonde creature whom he had admired fervently for years. The latter was surrounded by all of enjoyment that luxury, position, hosts of adulatory friends, and a throng of rival suitors can bestow. Jack Pren-tiss was of as pure a lineage as her own; early in his life, however, his family had been swept y financial and social disasters. With these had bravely contended, chosen a profession and won in its practice already a fair degree of success. But shy, and proud, and strangely reserved concerning the deepest emotions of his nature, he had hesitated to betray to the wealthy beauty the slightest proof of the existence of his love, until he could assure her of some short and definite time when he might dare to honorably claim her hand. And while he had waited, and

worked, and hoped, he had seen his dreams vanish, his desires become vain. Since the days of her belleship she had grown cold and formal to

worked, and hoped, he had seen his dreams vanish, his desires become vain. Since the days of her belleship she had grown cold and formal to him, and was receiving such attentions from one man, as could only have one meaning, and that—her marriage to another!

And the ballet-dancer—the young girl who had known nothing of ease, luxury, happiness, friends, love—what of her? Jack Prentiss knew, better than Nita herself, that she loved him; while he had pitied her, been interested in her—that was all. Suppose, however, he took upon himself the burden of her life; suppose he asked her to become his wife, and so let him care for her, and befrieud her, as he might not now; would she discover that his heart was a tomb, sacred and sealed; that he had infinite tenderness to bestow, but none of the torrid, strengthful love of his nature? No; she would never guess his secret and his sacrifice; but—was he strong enough, unselfish enough, to put aside his vain passion and take this poor friendless Nita into his life? If she lived, had he the courage to own to the world that he had married a dancing-girl, and cherish her tenderly, for years, while another woman's face was always in his heart? His musings were interrupted by a knock at the door; and Nita, who had lain motionless, watching his grave, meditative face, began to tremble as he answered the summons. As she had expected, a tall, gaunt, severe woman stood upon the threshold. Mrs. Withers gazed beyond Prentiss, as if he was beneath her notice, to the girl lying upon the bed, idly clasping her knot of flowers, and said, with suppressed excitement and ironical calm:

"Miss Raymond, you will oblige me by leaving here within an hour. You need not trouble to pay what is owing upon your rent. I cannot longer receive what I know to be the wages of sin. I only desire to rid my house of you, and to clear my skirts from further contact with wickedness and infamy! And you "—turning, now, to Jack—"may go this instant! I will not have my humble but godly roof disgraced a moment long

temptuously answer the landlady's tirade. And it was followed by a gasping, gurgling, choking sound that caused him to forget everything but her. A stream of crimson was flowing over her lips, and dyeing the rosebuds with redder stains than they had ever known.

"Little girl, poor little girl!" he muttered, springing to her side and raising her in his arms. "Madam, you may be sure that this young lady shall not remain under your roof one moment longer than is necessary, so send for a doctor this instant! Do not waste a minute!"

for a doctor this instant! Do not waste a minute!"

Awed by his blazing eyes and commanding tones, Mrs. Withers hastened to obey; and presently a medical man was ushered into Nita's room, and Jack shut the door upon all intruders. But, by and by, the landlady, hovering anxiously about the halls, was summoned and requested to dispatch a servant on another errand, for which trouble she should be well remunerated; and this time it was a clergyman who appeared. Showing him to Miss Raymond's apartment, Mrs. Withers was surprised to be summarily commanded to enter, and was still more surprised when, after a short, whispered conference, the minister proceeded to solemnize the marriage service between Jack Prentiss and Nita Raymond.

It was a sad, awesome ceremony—the sick girl, too weak to speak, answering the questions put her with a motion only; and when it was concluded, the bridegroom turned severely to Mrs. Withers.

oncluded, the pridegroom turned severely to Mrs. Withers.

"Madam, common decency will compel you to allow my wife to remain here a few days longer, since the physician forbids her removal, and I will see that you lose nothing by restraining your excessive virtue during that length of time. A nurse will soon arrive and I expect

ing your excessive virtue during that length of time. A nurse will soon arrive, and I expect you to see that she has, for herself and Mrs. Prentiss, every comfort."

Since this gentleman issued orders only, Mrs. Withers bowed and retired. The newly-wedded couple were left alone together, and neither spoke until the nurse arrived. After giving the woman all necessary commands, and announcing that he should return in a few hours, Jack turned to Nita.

"God bless you, Jack—my darling!" she whispered, faintly.

pered, faintly.

And Jack's only answer was to gently raise the young head against his breast, and hold it there tenderly, and press a long kiss upon the pale brow. And then this man, so brave, so generous, so unselfish, went out to encounter the most merciless wound that a cruel fate could

He was thinking, pitifully, of his new young wife, and planning for her future comfort and happiness. The physician had verified Nita's own despairing words. The girl could not live. A heavy cold, contracted early in the winter, kind of weather, combined with violent daily exercise, to keep in good practice for her profession, and scanty meals, and a fireless room, had resulted in consumption; and frightfully hastened the ravages of the disease. However, with the best medical treatment, and excessive care, the doctor thought she might get much better, and live months, or even a few years. At all events, Jack told himself, while Nita's life could be prolonged and cherished she should lack for no care and tenderness that could cheer and brighten it.

and brighten it. And so busy was he with his plans for their mutual future, in behalf of which he must sacrifice many of the purely personal and bachelor pleasures in which he had been wont to indulge that he was wholly inattentive to passing events. He had come through Madison Square events. He had come through Madison Square and was crossing Fifth avenue, unconscious of danger, unconscious of an anxious face watch-ing him from the further curb, thinking of that imploring cry of Nita's through which had quivered her clinging, despairing love for him, and which had resulted in his decision to make her his wife, when a different cry, hoarse and commanding, and the mad whirl of wheels and tramp of horses close about him, recalled him to tramp of norses cross about him, recailed him to a realization of place and circumstance. Two teams of frightened, foaming, uncontrollable animals were dashing down upon him, render-ing both retreat and advance dangerous, while the wild swaying of the runaways, under the horrified, furious sawing of the drivers, made it mpossible to stand where he was. He bounded impossible to stand where he was. He bounded forward, with uplifted hand seeking to check, for the instant, the onward career of the horses, whose hot breath and flying foam already cov-ered his face, and felt himself flung from his feet; and—even in that moment of danger and almost unconsciousness—realized whose was the deathly pale face, with anguished, dilated eyes, he had seen beyond him, and whose was the voice that rung out, with all the agony of a lov-

ng woman's heart in the cry:
"Jack! Jack! Oh, Jack!"
Stunned and bruised though he was by the fall, he struggled instantly to his feet, and in a moment more had caught the fainting form of the lady in his arms, and borne her away from the gathering crowd to the privacy of a room in

some minutes before restoratives brought his charge back to conscio the time seemed ages to the man who bent above

her.

"Darling! Darling! My own love!" he whispered, over the pallid still face, forgetting everything in those moments of anxiety but his deep, abounding love for her; and presently the white lids quivered, and a pair of blue eyes looked into his.

"Are you hart?" her how

"Are you hurt?" broke eagerly, whisperedly over the pale lips, to which the color was slowly

over the pale lips, to which the color was slowly returning.

"No, only bruised a trifle."

"Thank God!"

In the eloquent glance that accompanied the fervent words, the woman's heart, which had masked itself under maidenly formality and reserve, waiting to have its depths of tenderness valued and won, revealed itself; and the shy sweet eyes seemed claiming an answer to their

There seemed a strange imputation in the words that struck coldly and heavily to Bethel's heart. It was as if some hitherto impalpable sensation in her own soul had suddenly threatened to take tangible shape.

"You dislike Madame De Witt, Beata. Why?" he asked, almost haughtily.

Instead of answering, Miss Hallgarten crossed the room and dropped her hands upon Bethel's graceful shoulders, and said:

passionate confession. And, surely, no woman could have read a more intensely reciprocal love in her adorer's face than for one brief moment glorified Jack Pentiss's dark orbs, and his sweet sensitive mouth, revealing the very uttermost ardent depths of his soul. But—God pity those two! In an instant the glorious love-light faded, leaving in its place an awful woe. Not with one word or touch dared he respond to this woman's mute revelation. Instead, his heart cried out bitterly, and cursed the fate which had so recently spared his life when death would have been preferable to living, to learn, too late, that Eva Donaldson loved him.

CHAPTER XXII.

'If Fate weave common thread, I'll change the And with new purple weave a nobler loom.

And with new purple weave a nobler loom."

FROM the first of January to April—occupied as was her time with attendance upon operas, concerts, lectures, plays, and select dinner-parties and musicals, and even during Lent, which Madame De Witt, having connected herself with a fashionable Episcopal church, chose to have observed strictly, with calls, card-parties, sleigh-rides and drives, and those delightful luncheons of Cecile's which were becoming noted and eagerly frequented by their friends—were months of strange heart experience to Bethel.

Ingituti inteneous or Cecine's which were becoming noted and eagerly frequented by their friends—were months of strange heart experience to Bethel.

Oftentimes, amid the gay social whirl and the luxuries that surrounded her, the parson's daughter felt utterly desolate and friendless. From that New Year night, when, for a fleeting moment, she had believed that he loved her, an indefinable, cold barrier had arisen between herself and Max Duncan. With hot flushes of maidenly self-contempt she secretly owned that she had allowed herself to be deceived by a single careless glance. Intuitively she felt that Max disliked Rial Andral, and probably believed the worst of her. Love her, indeed! Rather he despised her! Then, day by day, she became more surely conscious that no thrill of genuine affection and affiliation existed, or was ever likely to exist, between herself and her mother; she admired Cecile's grace, and elegance, and brilliancy, and deferred to her judgment; but she could not bring herself to feel any hearty love for her, and neither, she felt, did Cecile, despite her tender, petting ways, cherish for her any fervent, motherly affection. It was a consequence, perhaps, inevitably attending so strange a relationship, suddenly brought about between total strangers, of wholly different mental and moral education and experience—both young, beautiful, fascinating women. Her former chum, too, failed her. The gay, free, girlish companionship that had once existed between herself and Flavia Thorne would not be revived, and their calls were few and formal. And her father was far away. Unutterably Bethel longed for some great tenderness to enfold and comfort her. Hers was a nature that craved love, as sorely as a wild-flower craves the sunlight and the dew; and yet the only affection offered her was that from which she turned away, unsatisfied, revolting.

Whatever his faults might be, that Rial Andral loved her was palnable to any one who

wolting.

Whatever his faults might be, that Rial Andral loved her was palpable to any one who saw him in Bethel's presence. Yet she nearly always treated him with a cool, careless indifference that aroused him to savage jealousy, and that only his knowledge of the power he could exert over her, when their hour of contest should come, enabled him to control. Still there were times when that peculiar influence of his should come, enabled him to control. Still there were times when that peculiar influence of his passionate will-power, which had influenced her during their first acquaintance, or a desperate earnestness in his devotion to her—the animal-like fondness with which he cringed and fawned about her, eager to fulfill her slightest wish, to anticipate her very thoughts, yet always with a watchful fury in his eyes lest to others should be accorded favors denied to him—moved Bethel, in her varying moods of unrest and longing, to a brief, pitying gentleness that two persons—Rial and Max Duncan—misunderstood. For to Max, Madame De Witt had communicated the fact of Bethel's and Rial's engagement, under a charmingly demanded seal of confidence.

"I know that you do not quite approve of Mr.

"I know that you do not quite approve of Mr. Andral," she admitted. "He is wild and not over virtuous, I suppose; but there is not a second Max Duncan in the world!" with a little second Max Duncan in the world!" with a little laugh and a quick upraising of an ardent pair of eyes. "Even among the ranks of our best society Max Duncans are few. There are not many of your sex of whom it can be said, that 'Nature might stand up and say to all the world this was a man!" Nor am I sure that one of these noble natures, whom but few women can understand and adore—would be appreciated by Bethel. Proud as I am of my daughter's prettiness, and devotedly attached to her as I am growing, I cannot fail to discover that she is wayward and ungovernable in her passions. She loved Mr. Andral before any of us knew her; loved him so madly, that she ran away from her home, under the most peculiar circumstances, to meet him. Naturally I do not feel like interfering with such a fervent attachment, for fear I should only precipitate some further folly on her part."

And Max had listened to this revelation with bitter disappointment at his heart. Certainly

bitter disappointment at his heart. Certainly Bethel's mother must know Bethel better than he; and no doubt he had been absurdly romantic ne; and no doubt he had been assuredly romanic to found and maintain a desperate belief in the girl's sweet innocence, in the face of what the Greenwilde people had assumed of her, and her own father had thought true. This country parson's daughter, this wild rose, with whom he had been half inclined to fall in love, was, after all, not worthy the shrine in his heart where he

ionate nature to love's delicious dominion a sad mistake, Max Duncan attempted to console him-self with a deeper Platonic friendship for the seductive woman who was so madly desirous to make him a captive to the bondage of her love, and whose companionship he had always found

And Bethel, during those weary three months, alternately startlingly gay and pitiably miser able, failing to find any real friend to whom she able, failing to find any real friend to whom she could turn, any close association that satisfied her, fell into the habit of frequenting Beata Hallgarten's humble home. There was restful quiet, and ennobling influences. She admired the grand, studious, lonely woman, and felt that under Beata's reserved, inscrutable manners existed a certain subtle tenderness toward

ners existed a certain subtle tenderness toward herself; and almost imperceptibly, but surely, there a friendship grew, and strengthened.

It was long, however, before any real confidences were exchanged between the two women. But one day, just previous to the first of April, Bethel had stolen a few hours to spend with Beata. They had talked, in quite communicative, womanly fashion, of various themes in which they felt mutual interest, and, at last, Bethel mentioned the grand party which Madame De Witt was soon to give for the purpose of really introducing her daughter to the fashionable world. Then Miss Hallgarten asked, suddenly, but in her usual quiet, impressive way:

way:

"Bethel, are you happy?"

The girl started as if struck, a white, quivering change passed across her face, and the long-lashed lids drooped over her handsome eyes. She had never confessed to herself that hers was an unsatisfied life more surely than she confessed it now, to this calm, clear-eyed woman who questioned her, and answered for her.

"Abl. I see you are not. This new mother of

questioned her, and answered for her.

"Ah! I see you are not. This new mother of yours is not leading your steps entirely through a path of roses. But, my little Bethel, be true to all that was best and noblest in you before you knew her."

There seemed a strange imputation in the words that struck coldly and heavily to Bethel's

I must send for Max," and sat at her desk

"Max Duncan, I wish to see you. Come soon.
"BEATA HALLGARTEN. And, the note being sealed and stamped, the small maid was sent to post it; but before it reached Max Duncan, the next morning, several events had occurred, strangely affecting the interests of the writer and those two upon whom her strong, hidden passions centered. (To be continued—commenced in No. 438.)

A GONE CASE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Soft-hearted was he and did sigh A good deal like a scythe,
Because his love for Anna Bly
Forbade him being blithe,
And then a little fine old rye
Full often made bim writhe.

He thought her features just to see
The dearest earthly scene,
And longed with that girl to agree;
She thought he was a green;
Away from him she longed to be,
And didn't care a bean.

He saw his hope could never grow
And uttered many a groan,
Aithough his heart was just like tow
Ignited by her tone,
And if she wouldn't love him, lo!
He'd feel himself alone.

She said of hope he'd not a ray, And so his eyes did rain; He knew his efforts did not pay In any coin but pain, And lonely by himself did stray And sing his mournful strain.

He felt that joys were very few; Grief fed his heart with fuel; And terribly that man did rue That maiden's hopeless rule, And by himself did cry and mew Just like a sorrowful mule.

His disposition for to die
Kept him in agony dire;
He sung, "My hopes in agony lie,"
Accompanied by his lyre,
And then got on an awful high
When he received his hire.

If she to him had ne'er said "boo!"
Oh, what a blessed boon!
He'd then be glad enough for two,
And sing a happy tune;
He thought that he had gone to sue
Entirely too soon.

He saw his chance was gone, and so

He felt exceeding sore;
He thought at first that he would go
And institute some gore
With knife to let his life-blood flow
Upon the crimson floor.

The saddest part of this sad tale
Remainsh to be said,
And oh, to tell it causes me
Some bitter tears to shed!
He got a bellows and he blew—
The dust out of his head.

Wild Will, THE MAD RANCHERO:

THE TERRIBLE TEXANS.

A Romance of Kit Carson, Jr., and Big Foot Wallace's Long Trail.

BY "BUCKSKIN SAM."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CAVE OF DEATH. Hope died in the breast of poor Mary, as, bound fast to the horse of the dead Comanche chief, surrounded by Apache braves in their hideous war-paint, she was borne away from the scene of the fight and her friends with the speed of the wind.

of the wind.

She noticed that a part of the Indians had been left behind, and had no doubt it was for the purpose of killing or capturing her friends, whom she had recognized from the battle-

Although she had great respect for their bravery, and considered Big Foot Wallace almost invincible as an Indian-fighter, she hardly dared to cherish the hope that they would be able to cope successfully with so formidable a force as had been left behind.

She knew that Kit was not among the Rangers, and this troubled her more than her captivity, for she had passed through so much of late that she thought she would be willing to die, if she could only see him once more; but they were

she could only see him once more; but they were now taking her further and further away from the settlements, and Mary realized that every bound of her mustang made her rescue more doubtful and a life of misery and degradation

Was her beauty a blessing or a curse to her?
This thought passed through her mind often, knowing that, had she been old and ill-favored, her scalp would have hung at an Indian's belt one this; but as it was a line of the control of her scaip would have hing at an Indian's belt ere this; but as it was, every savage chief she had come in contact with, cast looks of admira-tion at her, and one had lost his honor and his life by being captivated by her beauty. This he had told her himself, and now she was to listen again to the tale from lips to which soft words were strangers.

He was tall and slender, and a graceful horse- mockery.

"Bellad, does Max Dumean love you?"
Mass News your all cheeks flashed to the deepers and she also noticed that his ward-result in the state of the line to the state of the line that state of line that state of the line that state of the line that state of line that state of the line that state of

delicate arms heavenward, "has told her she must not mate with those who have spilt the blood of her family. Prairie Flower, as you call me, can wither and die; you can cast her into the torture-fire; but never again will your bow shoot straight; your war-cries shall be weak as an infant's wail; and your people will droop and die, like the old leaves upon the tree. Death and dishonor follow the trail of Prairie Flower. When the sun came up from the plain this morning she was the captive of Bear Claw the Comanche chief; this is his mustang!" A guttural "Ugh!" came from the Apache chief's lips at the mention of Bear Claw, followed by a scowl of intense hatred; but he waved Mary to go on.

"She was a captive to the Comanche chief, now she is in the power of War Eagle, and Bear Claw has gone to the happy hunting-grounds of his tribe; his death-yell shook the leaves on the banks of the Guadalupe."

As Mary spoke the last words in an exultant voice, War Eagle jerked the lariats bringing both mustangs upon their haunches; and leaping to the ground he carefully examined the saddle and bridle of the horse upon which Mary was borne.

His features, so recently disfigured by a hideous

His features, so recently disfigured by a hideous scowl, now assumed a gratified expression.
"Who kill Bear Claw?" asked War Eagle, ex-

Mary, who was in such a state of desperation at being recaptured, regardless of consequences
—for she was ignorant of the fact that the Comanches and Apaches were at war with each other—leaned toward the chief, and with a voice, in which were blended the bravado and fearlessness so much admired and respected by all Indian tribes, she answered:

"Prairie Flower! with the strength given her by the Great Spirit!"

The Apache chief gazed at the young girl in silent wonder and admiration. Proud and war-like as he was he seemed to recognize her as a War Eagle then sprung upon his mustang again, and, turning the animal to face his apagain, and, turning the animal to face his apagain, and, turning the animal to face his apagain, and, turning the animal to face his apagain.

proaching war-party, he gave a long, piercing yell that brought his braves around him in a

Running his eyes around among those who had followed him in many a wild fight, he waved his hand over toward his fair captive, drawing

their attention to her.

"Warriors of the Apaches—listen to the words of your chief—keep them in your ears. Look!—the white squaw is a great warrior—she is brave as the big bear of the mountains—cunning as the panther of the Pecos—she has killed the great war-chief of the Comanches—her knife is red with the blood of the enemy our tribe—Bear Claw has gone to the land beyond the moon—she has killed the enemy of War Eagle—she shall be queen of our tribe—she shall keep

—she shall be queen of our tribe—she shall keep warm and welcome the lodge of your chief. War Eagle has spoken—he who harms Prairie Flower dies the death of a dog."

The Indians gazed upon Mary with looks of amazement not unmixed with awe, for they knew their chief had positive proof of what he had accorded. had asserted.

Mary was now the center of attraction as she rode by the side of War Eagle, as much sur-prised as the Indians at the turn affairs had prised as the industry at taken in her favor.

She felt that by this change in their feelings toward her she would be treated well, and, also, that she would have more chances to es-

Two days before she would have been fright-

Two days before she would have been fright-ened terribly at the sight of an Indian; now she rode among a large war-party of the most mur-derous and revengeful tribe upon the American continent almost unconcerned.

The horrible massacre of her family was con-tinually before her eyes, but her great grief and deep hatred of her captors were kept with-in bounds, and her brain was ever active, no-ticing the course taken by them and the move-ments of the Indians.

ticing the course taken by them and the movements of the Indians.

Had it not been for the knowledge that Kit loved her, and that her poor father roamed the plains a raving maniac, she would not have cared to live, and would have welcomed death, in any form, as a mercy. Mary felt that God would, as He had so far, preserve her from harm, and that He would through His infinite mercy find some way of releasing her from her enemies, and restore her to her lover.

Her thoughts and her dreams now would be of her father and Kit; she must live—she must escape!

cape!
Her faith was strong, and she had great need

of it in the situation in which she was placed. She felt that, in a day, she had changed from a timid girl to a resolute woman, who would allow nothing, however discouraging, to break The Apaches, who had been traveling at great

speed, now turned their course from west to north, and struck in among the hills near the source of the Guadalupe, which, at this point,

source of the Guadalupe, which, at this point, was only a small stream.

Here, by the banks of this creek, Mary was left with a small guard, while the main body of the braves, with War Eagle in the lead, taking with them their dead, bound upon mustangs, proceeded through the thick woods up the side of a range of hills, until they came to a dense almost impenetrable thicket; but they were well acquainted with the ground, as on the west side of the thicket they followed each other up a narrow trail, which ran directly to a precipitous wall of rock, the base of which was shaded by overhanging trees and vines, to such an exby overhanging trees and vines, to such an ex-tent that it was dark and somber as a tomb. And such it proved to be, for War Eagle alighted from his mustang at the entrance of an

to listen again to the tale from lips to which soft words were strangers.

War Eagle, the Apache chief, who had been riding near and observing her, suddenly urged his horse alongside of hers, and taking the lariat which was attached to her animal, caused both horses to spring away ahead of the party.

Mary cast her eyes at the chief in a side glance, and observed that he was finely moulded, with far less of the hideous in his face than any Indian she had ever seen.

He was tall and sleaders and lower seen. The animals were led along by the wall of the cave. Their masters who had ridden them in the wild charge, with fierce, revengeful warcries, were now cold in death, bound to the saddles—their lips mute, their war-paint a horrible mockers.

join you before many moons, he feels it in his heart."

As War Eagle ceased speaking, a score of War Eagle ceased speaking, a score of

As War Eagle ceased speaking, a score of dark forms sprung past him in the firelight, and stationed themselves within ten feet of the mustangs and dead braves. A score of arrows were fitted to bowstrings, and each warrior, with his left foot forward and body leaning back, braced by his right, drew the deadly bow until the feathered shafts touched their shoulders.

The strings twanged the arrows cut the air

The strings twanged, the arrows cut the air, and with dull thuds were buried feather-deep in the vitals of the devoted mustangs who had been selected to carry their dead masters on the trail of death

been selected to carry their dead masters on the trail of death.

Long, horrible screams of agony sprung from the poor suffering steeds, as they reared, plunged, staggered and fell, the hot blood spurting in every direction; while the braves chanted together a mournful death-song, in good keeping with the dreadful scene of blood before

Horses and dead warriors were bathed in the anguine flood, which had spattered the brilant crystal walls in every direction. The shrieks, plungings, means and gasps of dying steeds, mingled with the low guttural chant of the Apaches, lasted some ten minutes; then all was silent as death in that jeweled-walled cathedral carneted with block

dral, carpeted with blood.

The flickering flames were quenched by the fast-flowing gore, and darkness shut out the horrible scene forever.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WARNING.

AFTER the return of War Eagle and his band from the cave of death, the mustangs were all herded under a strong guard where the animals could graze until darkness set in, and a number of braves were sent out to shoot the game necessary for the evening and morning meals.

War Eagle had no fears of an attack, not thinking that there were any whites in the vicinity except the small party who had been left under the espionage of his braves down the Guadalupe, and he was confident they would be easily overpowered, and either killed or taken captive, before morning, by the portion of his war-party left for that purpose.

captive, before morning, by the pornon of his war-party left for that purpose.

War Eagle was well aware that his encampment was within twenty miles of Camp Verde, but had no fears from that quarter, for he knew there were but a few infantry soldiers at that

A small bower, made from green branches en-twined together, had been erected by order of the chief for Mary; and she sat inside without being bound, although she noticed that some of the Indians were constantly near her shelter, and that they watched her every motion. and that they watched her every motion. This she attributed to their curiosity more

than to any suspicion on their part that she would attempt an escape.

The notoriety she had gained by the killing of Bear Claw caused the Indians to show her double the attention they would to an ordinary cap-

tive.
A quantity of moss had been collected, and with a blanket spread over this, Mary formed an easy couch, and was glad to relieve her tired and weary limbs by resting on it.
Years seemed to have passed since the fearful massacre of her family, and she tried to school her mind to think only of the living.
That Kit would follow the Apaches as long as he saw any hope, she was confident; and she had no idea that her father would stray away from his ruined ranch.

from his ruined ranch.

She had heard his fearful yells when charging into the Comanche camp, and she reasoned that if he had been possessed of his senses, he would have been the first to try and rescue her.

While her therefore reasoned that the sense here.

have been the first to try and rescue her.

While her thoughts ran on in this strain, the sun slowly sunk in the west, and the savory smell of cooking meats came to her from the camp-fires outside.

She felt hungry, and was glad it was so, for she needed strength, and was sure in her own mind that a good night's sleep would recuperate her sufficiently to make a bold push for liberty. No! that would not do. She must be cautious, and steal away in the night time, and secrete herself where the Indians could not find her. In thinking over this last plan of escape she In thinking over this last plan of escape she new she would need arms to protect herself,

and determined to get them in some manner.

She also thought of a horse, and the mustang of Bear Claw, she had noticed, now seemed to be more at ease, and friendly in her company, and she determined to try kindness and pet him, and when once upon his back and free of the camp, they could not overtake her as the horse was they could not overtake her, as the horse was

of any circumstance in her favor, and watch

The camp was situated some distance in the timber, below the level of the prairies, which lay south.

Mary retired to her couch, wrapped the blankets about her, and having been without sleep for so long a time, was soon in a deathlike slumber.

Many times War Eagle bent over her sleeping form, and afterward withdrew with grunts of satisfaction at seeing that his fair captive was enjoying the rest she so much needed.

The Apaches, one after another, rolled themselves in their blankets, and in an hour after the horses were driven in, and the guard posted, the camp was silent, and the red-men were sleeping as do innocent babes.

The fires smoldered low, and darkness hovered over all, so it was impossible to distinguish the position of the sentinels.

At midnight the guard was relieved, and a hazy, dull moon partially lit up the camp.

The warriors just returned from their long watch, threw upon the main or chief fire a few armfuls of wood previous to their retiring, and ignited the same by blowing at the coals; they then lit their pipes, and seated themselves about the blazing wood, for they were chilled by the heavy dew, which in that section of the country almost equals a shower of rain.

They had been seated but a few moments when all were brought to their feet by the thundering of a horse, at full gallop, coming over the plain above.

The deathlike stillness of the bottom made great was the surprise of the Apaches, for their practical ears detected by the labored lope, that the steed was ridden and controlled by man.

Before an alarm could be given by the sentinels who were dumb with surprise at a single best progress they could on foot.

But, were vet a long distance from the divide, and the neat day our prospects were gloomy indeed.

All that day and the following night the storm continued, and when we again resumed our line of march, we found that we could scarcely travel at all. But as our stock of provisions was getting short, and as it was impossible to our other troubles, and made it absolutely necessar

The deathlike stillness of the bottom made each bound of the animal distinctly heard, and great was the surprise of the Apaches, for their practical ears detected by the labored lope, that the steed was ridden and controlled by man.

Before an alarm could be given by the sentinels who were dumb with surprise at a single horseman coming upon them, and he a white man—for they knew no Indian would come in that way—the whole war-party sprung from their blankets, and awaited in great suspense to see what manner of man was about to favor them with a visit.

them with a visit.

They had not long to wait, for down the bank from the prairie above, through the guard, into the midst of the camp—none opposing him—came the Red Trailer, bearing in his arms the Apache chief, more dead than alive—the madman having tortured the Indian by repeated stabs in the body, now reeking in blood!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 436.)

Little Jane.

A Tale of the Old Columbia Trail.

BY FRANK DAVES.

THERE are some names on the pages of memory which are never uttered, save with a feeling of reverence; and this is generally due to some sweet memory of the past, some good deed, or kind word spoken in the dark hours of trouble and trial, when the strongest heart reaches out to its fallow-mortals for sympathy.

and trial, when the strongest heart reaches out to its fellow-mortals for sympathy.

Jane Turner is not a romantic name, and its possessor was not blessed with a queenly form or with fair face, but her name is connected with a heroic act, performed during a time of trial and danger; when death was staring down, cold and hungry, from every peak of the Cascade Mountains; when the stoutest hearts gave way, and the poor, worn-out bodies rolled over in the snow to die alone.

It was in the fall of 1870. I was a well-grown.

It was in the fall of 1870. I was a well-grown by then, just taking my first lessons in Western adventure. With a friend I had drifted to Fort Boise, in the south-western part of Idaho.

The third day after our arrival at that post, a myself alive; and I arose stiff and weak, but determined from the show to the remainder of my companions were either dead or foundering about in the snow, like myself, alive; and I arose stiff and weak, but determined to the show to the remainder of my companions were either dead or foundering about in the snow, like myself, alive; and I arose stiff and weak, but determined to the show to the remainder of my companions were either dead or foundering about in the snow, like myself, alive; and I arose stiff and weak, but determined to the show the train of five wagons from Boise City car on their way to the rich valleys of Western

upon the shores of the great Pacific, we determined to go.

A very short time sufficed for our preparations; in fact, we had but few to make, and the tions; in fact, we had but few to make, and the next morning we crossed the south fork of the Columbia river and rolled away over the hills,

s merry a band as you would wish to see I said the train contained five wagons. In a said the train contained five wagons. In each wagon was a family of those restless, adventurous spirits of the West, who are ever changing. They had probably lived in half the states and territories of the West, and were still backing the propriet lead to the west, and were still but their lodges then looked to me like the very specified the west was a family of those restless, adventurous spirits of the West, and were still but their lodges then looked to me like the very specified the west. eking the promised land.

The guide was old John Turner, as noble and brave a man as ever troot the plains. He had determined to go to the fertile valley of the lower Columbia and embark in the business of farming, and consequently was taking his daughter with him.

This daughter composed his whole family. Her name was Jane, and being young, small, and shy, she was always called Little Jane. Poor little Jane! I can now recall her appearance the morning we started. Her form was small and bony, with as many angles as a sage hush, and her face was year, and are was small and bony, with as many angles as a sage bush, and her face was very sad, and not at all handsome; but her hair was abundant and beautiful, and her eyes were dark hazel, and full of love and sympathy.

My friend, Bill King, was like myself, young and susceptible. His heart was touched by the quiet, loving eyes, and in less than two hours ofter he first say her he symprised me by presented the her presented the her

after he first saw ber, he surprised me by pro-nouncing her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; and after that, I observed that Billy ever seen; and after that, I observed that Billy and Jane became fast friends. They would remain up for hours after the others were wrapped in their blankets and sound asleep, sitting on stools by the camp-fire, talking low and quietly, doubtless laying rosy plans for the future when they were at the end of the long journey.

She resolved to be ready and take advantage of any circumstance in her favor, and watch well lest she should miss a chance.

A shadow darkened the entrance of the bower, and the Apache chief stood before her.

"Prairie Flower is weak," said War Eagle; "she must have meat—when dark comes, she will sleep—she will be strong, when sun comes—then we go on Pecos trail—she have much trouble—much hard ride—have long rest soon, where flowers plenty—birds will sing sweetly to Prairie Flower on the Pecos."

The chief called to a warrior who approached with venison and parched corn, which he placed before Mary upon a large green lily-leaf, torn from its home in the bed of the stream.

"Prairie Flower thanks War Eagle for his kindness," said Mary.

"War Eagle wants no thanks—when Prairie Flower is strong—when blood-paint is on her cheek he will be happy—Prairie Flower has slain the Comanche snake—War Eagle is glad—the scalp of his brother hangs in the lodge of Bear Claw—War Eagle's hate was strong—his mustangs like the wind—but he no kill Comanche dog. The squaws of our nation shall not walk the same trails as Prairie Flower—she shall be 'Queen of the Pecos."

And War Eagle waved an adieu with the grace and air of a prince.

Mary took advantage of his leaving to partake

Mary took advantage of his leaving to partake

The mext day after crossing the Blue Mountains, Billy became sick, and the train had to stop for several days.

Many were the anxious nights that I and little sync plant for reverled for him. It was then that I discovered the pure gold of little Jane's heart—its neverfailing fountain of love and tenderness. Billy and I had wandered thousands of miles together, and our homes were both far away in a little village in the Mississippi valley, and I felt that he was the only friend I had in the world it and my beart ached as I looked at his poor pain-racked form lying on the blankets, and I had wandered thousands of miles together, and our homes were both far away in a little village in the Mississippi valley and it stop for several days.

Many were the anxious nights that I and little
Jane spent by his bunk in the tent we had
erected for him. It was then that I discovered
the pure gold of little Jane's heart—its neverfailing fountain of love and tenderness. Billy
and I had wandered thousands of miles together, and our plans for the future.

A couple of hours after I had left them in the
storm, a sled with three hunters, like ourselves
caught in the storm, came along and took them
on board. After a desperate struggle they at
ast crossed the divide and made their way safely
to the valley below.

"If it had not been for little Jane I should
have died before relief came." said Billy

My heart used to swell as I watched her little form bent tenderly over him, forcing him to drink something which she believed possessed especial virtues; or serving him, with her own hands, some delicate morsel of wild meat, which she had carefully cooked to suit his tests.

Well with him and little Jane; and that there were four now instead of two; and extending me an invitation to visit them in their home in the far off valley of the Columbia river.

John writes to ask "if all D

making the best progress they making the best progress they could on foot.

But, even yet the dumb beasts trembled from cold and over-exertion, and one by one they dropped and died. We could not strike camp and send on a party for relief, for we knew that relief could never reach us, as none could be found nearer than the valley on the opposite side of the mountains, and that in the days that would pass before that could get to us we must

would pass before that could get to us we must

would pass before that could get to us we must all perish.

Who can describe the horrors of that awful march! Strong men went raving mad with despair. As usual in such cases, the women held out better than the men, but even they began to fail and drop and die. One by one our party gave out and laid down, when we all knew that to stop was to die in a few hours at best.

At last out of a party of twenty-seven persons only nine remained; and little Jane, Billy and I were three of them. I being the stronger of the three encouraged them all I could; but Billy had not yet fully recovered from his attack of sickness, and after making a desperate fight for life yielded and said be could go no further.

"Go on, you and little Jane," said he, "and live if you can. You can't do me any good."

"No," said little Jane; "if you stop, I will stop with you; and if you die, I will die with you."

He urged her to leave him, but she deliberately made preparations for remaining, and knowing that I could do them no good, I said goodby to both and struggled on. After going a few yards I looked back for the last time and saw her wrapping blankets around Billy, and covering him up in the snow to keep him warm.

I turned away and went on. My heart was hardened by suffering, but as I took my last look at them, I experienced such a pang of anguish and utter desolation as I hope never to feel again.

el again.

Night came on and I was alone, for the re-

termined to go as far as I could. I had now crossed the divide and was descending the western slope of the mountains. My course be-Oregon.

Being invited to join them, and cast our fate came steep and rugged, but I found that I was

hours I found myself in a little valley, and was soon out of the deep snow altogether. Suddenly I saw smoke. I can never describe

abodes of luxury. They gave me some meat and insects, which I ate voraciously; and that and insects, which I are voraciously; and that was the last I knew for weeks.

I was sick nigh unto death, and when I recovered I found that it was mid-winter. I was homeless, friendless and weak, and so I remained in the village until spring.

When the sun came out warm and the grass and flowers began to appear, I again felt a long-ing for civilization; and again I set out to journey alone.

The third day I struck a trail; and the fourth day I fell in with a train of wagons, and in due time I found myself in the city of Portland.

Days glided away, weeks came and went, and becoming tired of the city I started up the river late in the autumn, on a hunting excursion.

One evening, having wandered further than usual, I became lost. Spying a neat little cabin, I made my way to it, with the intention of passing the sight. ng the night. The door w

The door was open, and there before me—was it a ghost? No! it was little Jane!" and asked me a hundred questions in a minute "Billy will be in directly," said she. "He and father are feeding the stock."

At that moment Billy and old John appeared,

mutual explanations followed; and we sat far into the night, talking of old times and telling our plans for the future.

have died before relief came," said Billy.
Old John had someway made his escape, and

we four were all that were left to tell the story That was over six years ago; and last night I received a letter from Billy, stating that all was well with him and little Jane; and that there

John writes to ask "if old Boreas ever had any wives?" Certainly, didn't you ever read about the "Merry Wives of Wind-sir?" THE bumble-bee did not appear until the ear 930 A. D. Therefore, all this talk about year 930 A. D. Therefore, all this talk about the ancients having any fun is the merest non-

grace and air of a prince.

Mary took advantage of his leaving to partake of a hearty meal, after which she prepared a place for the night's repose, with blankets left her for that purpose. She then took a look out-THE boy who will ride around all day on a OH, SAY NOT SO! ADDRESSED TO O. J.

BY MARA.

Oh, restless heart, turn, turn away; If Love is wanting, turn to clay."

If Love is wanting! Say not so,
So much of joy we miss;
So much of grief and pain we have,
Ob, poet, spare us this;
Let us believe, whate'er our lot,
That Love is that which leaves us not.

Love is life. It can't be wanting.
Gift from the hand Divine.
Beautiful flower from Eden's bower,
Meant to be mine and thine.
Doubtest? Look in the blue above;
Read in its depths that "God is Love.

Sweet flowers that grace our woods and vales,
Dear, limpid, laughing rills,
Give faith in universal Love,
Firm as our granite hills.
Aside from creed and rite we look,
And take our faith from Nature's book.

Doubt not the over-ruling Love— Doubt not; for hearts like thine, Allied to Nature, never miss Love, human or Divine. On earth below, in heaven above, The ruling power of life is Love!

Kitty's Entanglement.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON

"You will never make a decent match in the world," said Mrs. Price, who was severely intrenched behind the coffee-urn.

Breakfast was late that morning. Jack had finished his, but remained buried in the depths of the morning paper, and Mrs. Price was about to ring for the second time when the tardy members of the family made their appearance—two very pretty girls of nearly the same age, one petite, dimpled and rosy, the other tall and fair—respectively Kitty Gordon and Lucille Mayo, niece and youngest sister of Mrs. Price.

It was upon Kitty's willful head that the tide of the matron's indignation was turned.

"You flirted outrageously last night, Kitty Gordon. How long do you expect me to put up with such conduct! If I was dependent for the bread I eat, I'd try to be grateful for what was done for me. But, you'll miss your mark, young lady, let me tell you. You'll never make a decent match in the world."

Jack put down his paper and laid a protecting arm across the back of Kitty's chair.

"Don't be too sure of that, mother," said he, quietly. "And don't you badger the poor little girl. Kitty has agreed to marry me."

It was a bomb which took Mrs. Price altogether unawares. She might storm as she liked after that; Jack was immovable as a rock.

"But, oh dear! oh dear! there'll be no living in the house with her for a week," confided Kitty to Lucille—who was not, like herself, a permanent fixure in the house—when they were safe in the latter's room. "She won't say much while he is around, but I'll have it all to pay for when he isn't. I don't know what I'll ever do."

"Come with me to help keep house for Mrs. Perwett' wurdented I weille. "She will be greet."

ever do."

"Come with me to help keep house for Mrs. Fawcett," suggested Lucille. "She will be gone a month, and I have promised to take charge for her. Elinor will get over her vexation and be ready to make the best of things by the time we are home again."

"Don't make much difference whether she does or not," muttered Kitty, with a defiant toss of the head; "I sha'n't mind aunt Elinor's scolding when she can't do any harm by it."

"Any harm?" questioned Miss Mayo, with a look of surprise. "You are sure of Jack, I suppose? Is there anything else the matter?"

They had been three days in Mrs. Fawcett's house before Kitty fairly answered that question. She was fidgeting about the parlor, now standing at the piano fingering the keys, now teasing the parrot which hung head downward from its gilded ring, and at last turning petulantly upon Miss Mayo, who was calmly embroidering moss-roses on silk tapestry and giving very little heed to her restless companion. "Lucille Mayo, I wonder if you know what trouble is?"

trouble is?" "Why, Kitty? Tell me yours if you are

ready."

"You are too provoking," exclaimed Kitty, half-laughing, half-crying. "I—I'm in a dreadful scrape. I wouldn't let Jack know it for the world, but I'm engaged to another man."

ingaged & Kitty Gordon! "Now, if you're going to scold," cried Kitty, hysterically, "I'll just give up. I don't care what becomes of me. You might wait till you hear how it happened before you snap me up like that."

Lucille laid down her work and folded her hand "Well, well," said she, soothingly; "tell me

dear."
"It was when I was at school," Kitty began her confession. "You don't know what times we had; up to anything for the sake of fun, and -and-one night another girl and myself slip ped out of a back window and went to a masque ped out of a back window and went to a macque-rade ball. You may depend upon it we had things gay, but we got caught, going home. It makes me sick only to think of it. The professor had found us out and was on the watch for us, and we were marched off to his study, and Mary Foster, the mean thing! out and told that I had coaxed her into it, and she got off with a

lecture and being kept as a prisoner within the limit of the grounds for a certain length of time, while I was expelled from the school.

"Lucille, I was nearly dead with fright. You "Lucille, I was nearly dead with fright. You can guess what aunt Elinor would have said. I first declared I couldn't go home in disgrace, and I flung myself down on a sofa and cried until that grim old professor came and put his hand on my head. 'My child,' he said. I could tell he was softening, and went off into a perfect storm of grief, and next thing he was calling me 'darling Kitty' and telling me that he loved me, and I—I was just desperate, and promised to marry him if he would let me stay. I meant to get out of it before I should leave school, but, somehow, I didn't, and he has been writing to me and means to come and make me fulfill my promise."

fulfill my promise."
"But, Kitty, if you write him the truth, that you don't care for him, he will surely release

"I did," explained Kitty, confusedly; "but you see I had hinted that my friends would be apt to interfere, and he thinks I am being unapt to interfere, and he thinks I am being unduly influenced, and says he will rescue me from their tyranny. It was the luckiest chance that Mrs. Fawcett should go away as she did, and I have fixed it that he is to come here and see my aunt—that's you, Lucille—and you must just tell him anything to send him away, but don't for pity's sake breathe a word that will take him to aunt Elinor or cousin Jack. She would make me marry him out of spite, and Jack would be angry and let me. You will help me out of it, won't you, Lucille?"

And in the end Lucille promised, though not without some misgivings.

without some misgivings.

"I am to understand that I was simply made the tool of your niece, Miss Mayo; that, having served her turn and purposes, she proposes to discard me without any further ceremony. Pandon me for asking, if that is the case, why she troubled herself to keep up the deceit?"

It came over Lucille Mayo as she stood before him that possibly Kitty had not been quite frank regarding her own share in the tender transaction. This was a very different order of man from the person she had expected to see. Not over thirty, with frank eyes just now holding an angry light, and a striking rather than a handsome face, he was a far remove from the "grim old professor" she had mentally pictured, evidently not a man who would be light an agry light, and a striking rather than a dsome face, he was a far remove from the rim old professor" she had mentally picted, evidently not a man who would be light trifled with.

"I cannot take any second-hand assurance retured, evidently not a man who would be light-

garding a change in her which she herself has given me no reason to think has taken place," declared Professor Steele, when he had listened to the somewhat faltering statement she had to make.

"But," said Miss Mayo, considerably disturbed, "Kitty absolutely refuses to see you. How can I convince you that it is her wish?" Then more firmly: "I must say, sir, I have been led to believe that you took undue advantage of the influence you would naturally have over her and the strait she was in, but as a gentleman you will surely not refuse her the release she implores."

"I took advantage!" began Professor Steele, hotly, but he repressed his anger with a visible effort. "I have been led to believe that some attempt would be made to coerce Kitty into giving me up. I think I can overrule any objections you may entertain to me personally, Miss Mayo. At any rate, my dismissal, if I receive it, must come at her hands."

It seemed to Lucille that there was nothing to be done but to let him have his way. Consequently Professor Steele remained to dinner, and Kitty came fluttering down in her prettiest dress, sweet, smiling and shy, and the evening was not half over before Lucille detected that, instead of giving him his quietus, she was flirting desperately with the present lover, while the absent one seemed to have been obliterated from her thoughts, Lucille looked on, indignant and amazed. It was incomprehensible conduct to her, knowing as she did that Kitty's affections attempt would be made to coerce Kitty into giving me up. I think I can overrule any objections you may entertain to me personally. Miss Mayo. At any rate, my dismissal, if I receive it, must come at her hands."

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"I can't help it," the pretty culprit protested, after the visitor had taken his departure and the two girls were alone for the night. "I tried to tell him how it was, but he had so much to say about his faith in me that I really couldn't. He seems to think that it is a put up job to marry me to Jack, says he won't let it be done, and now it's a thousand times worse than before for he is going to stay at the hotel till everything is settled. He is to come again to-morrow, but I won't see him: he must go away and let me alone."

Yet she was ready to receive him next morning, spreading her shining snares anew. Time went on, but only served to show more clearly the weak inconsistency of the girl's nature. She won'd away and her tose, and her lover, had been pacing the floor, vainly endeavoring to hit upon some clever plan for the escape of Rafael. Now she was all attention, at the mention of his name, and, had Bancroft Edmunds been the officer sent for him, she would boldly have asked him to allow the prisoner to get away upon the way be the present lover, while the dene tank there was all attention, at the mention of his name, and, had Bancroft Edmunds been the officer sent for him, she would boldly have asked him to allow th

won't see him: he must go away and let me alone."
Yet she was ready to receive him next morning, spreading her shining snares anew. Time went on, but only served to show more clearly the weak inconsistency of the girl's nature. She would cry and be all repentance one hour, only to dry her tears and flirt again if the professor appeared the next. From blaming her severely, Lucille began to pity her, and met him one day with her own resolution formed.

"Professor Steele," said she, "you are letting Kitty do both herself and you the greatest injustice. She is engaged to her cousin and loves him I do believe, but she is a born coquette and cannot resist the temptation to flirt though it should destroy her own happiness. I know you don't like me because you fancy I have opposed your suit, but I must try to show you the truth. You may possibly do her the injustice of breaking off her match with Jack; you may even induce her to marry you, but I would never pity either of you.—"

"Which of us do you pity now?" asked Professor Steele, with a helf-graile quiverging about

"Which of us do you pity now?" asked Pro-fessor Steele, with a half-smile quivering about

his mouth.

"Kitty don't deserve it of me," continued Lucille, without noticing his interruption, "but I do ask you for her sake to forego your claim and leave her before harm is done."

"And give up the poor revenge of cutting out the cousin after he had supplanted me? I would require some compensation for that."

Lucille gave him a surprised and inquiring clance.

giance.

"Are you—are you not so much in love—"

"Not so much in love as to be altogether befooled; nor so blind as not to see the difference.
Lucille, don't you know that I am more in love
with you in a week's time than with her in a
year! I feel a little ashamed of having revenged
my wounded vanity by teasing Miss Kitty, but
if you can forgive me I shall be fully repaid
for any disappointment she caused me to suffer."

Well, she did it, of course; and Kitty pouted
at having the knot of her entanglement cut for
her in this unexpected way, but Jack never
suspected that he had ever cause for jealousy
against the uncle-in-law who was presented to
him at a later date.

The Pirate Prince;

Pretty Nelly, the Queen of the Isle.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN OF CAPTAINS," "THE RIVAL LIEUTENANTS," "THE GRIL GUIDE,"
"THE BOY TERROR," "THE SKELETON
CORSAIR," "THE BOY CHIEF," "DIA-MOND DIRK,""THE FLYING YAN.
KEE," "WITHOUT A HEART,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLII. A DESPERATE GAME FOR LIFE.

WHEN Bancroft Edmunds had said to Inez, Captain Markham, and with Rafael the

By Capain Markam, and with retrief the Rover as a prisoner.
Fortunately General Sebastian was absent, gone to see the Governor-General on business, and Inez was saved from then betraying her knowledge of the prisoner, as he stood before her, no sign upon his stern, handsome face showing that he had ever before seen her.

"Senors, I regret my uncle's absence; I will contin Alexander the seen her.

call Captain Alfuerte, and have him convey the prisoner to his cell," and as Inez glided by Ra-fael, she gave him a quick glance, while her lips parted with the words:

"Have hope!"
Rafael caught the low voice, and his eyes flashed, yet his face remained cold and stern as

"Be seated, senors; my uncle will return soon, perhaps. Ah! here is Captain Alfuerte. Senor Capitan, Captain Markham has brought you a prisoner; please see that he is confined securely until my uncle returns to dispose of

Si, senorita," and Rafael the Rover was led

away to his cell.

"Now, senores, have wine with me."

Both Captain Markham and Bancroft Edmunds drank a health to their fair hostess, and hen took their departure, pleading an engage

ent in town.
"We will have the boat meet us at one of the upper piers, while we drop into the American coffee-house, and then go to the *pulperia* after the effects of Paul Melville. As his commander I can claim them, and I will have his body sent

on board the Sea Hawk for burial."

"Yes, sir; his papers may throw some light upon his past life, and if we are to keep the affair a secret, he should have the burial honors due his rank," quietly replied Bancroft Edmunds, and the two officers then went down to the store stairway and ordered the covarient the stone stairway, and ordered the coxswain of the waiting cutter to meet them at another pier, after which they started for the city.

They had been gone but a short while when a boat landed at the sta rway.

It contained six oarsmen, and ten other persons besides—two of them being naval officers of the United States, judging from their uniform, as seen by the lantern above the stairs, and a third dressed as a marine sergeant. Then there third dressed as a marine sergeant. Then there were six marines, and the coxswain of the boat.
"Now, men, be as careful as possible, for all

depends upon our behavior and coolness," said the naval lieutenant, and taking the arm of his companion, a midshipman, he said, simply:

"I am not what I seem; I am a woman—the daughter of one who told Rafael that you were in the power of Luis Ramirez."
"You are Pretty Nellie, then?" eagerly said

"Yes, lady! Now let him go—please let him go, and even the wicked buccaneers will pray for and bless you!" pleaded Nellie.
"This is a bold, desperate game to play, and you shall not lose if I can aid you. I will act at

once. Garcia!"

"Well, Senorita Inez," and a soldier came in from the hallway.

"Bid Captain Alfuerte come here, and also Lieutenant Redmond, the American officer with him—ah! they are here."

"Senorita, in the absence of your uncle I cannot let the prisoner on your though I would like

"Senorita, in the absence of your uncle I cannot let the prisoner go, even though I would like to, under the circumstances," said Eduard Alfuerte, entering the room, accompanied by the supposed Ross Redmond.

"Then I will take the responsibility, senor capitan. I know why the prisoner is wanted. Please have him brought at once from his dungeon, and I will report it to my uncle."

The aide bowed and retired, with the look upon his face that the maiden was taking a great deal upon herself; but, he said nothing, and in fifteen minutes more, the supposed Americans passed out of the Moro gateway, with Rafael the Rover between them.

At a glance the chief had recognized Roy Woodbridge, Nellie, and the men; but no sign betrayed recognition, and they reached the boat in safety, and were soon on board the lugger, which at once got under way and headed out of the harbor, Mabel Markham standing on deck as she glided by the Sea Hawk, and rejoicing in her heart at the escape of the man she now loved with all the intensity of her passionate nature. loved with all the intensity of her passionate

loved with all the intensity of her passionate nature.

As the lugger disappeared in the gloom, seaward, Mabel Markham turned and greeted her father and Lieutenant Edmunds, who just then came on board, and as she looked her eyes fell on a dark, cloaked form that was brought up and laid on the deek.

on a dark, cloaked form that was brought up and laid on the deck.

"It is the body of Melville; we will bury it to-morrow with honors," said her father, and with a shudder the maiden descended to the cabin and her state-room, just as a fleet-sailing carera flew down the harbor, going seaward with all sail set.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MAD MAUD'S STORY. As soon as he reached the deck of the lug-ger, Rafael felt that he was free, and gave the

ger, Rafael felt that he was free, and gave the orders to at once get to sea.

"You, Salvador, with two men, jump into the small-boat and row to the upper end of the harbor after the carera. You will find her anchored off the small creek that puts in there.

"Tell Matt Morton to spread all sail, and come at once to the island. Now, Woodbridge, let her head seaward," and Rafael descended into the cabin, followed by Nellie, and one of the men who was to knock the irons off from the ankles and wrists of his chief.

ankles and wrists of his chief. "Thank you, Catalina. Now go on deck and ask Mr. Woodbridge to join me here, for we are in deep water now, I know by the movement of the lugger," and Rafael arose and stretched out his limbs, no longer bound by irons.

"Roy, my dear old fellow, I could not delay longer," in the limby you for my life, not the

onger in thanking you for my life—not that thanks repay you—"
"Hold on, captain! don't lay it on me. She

did it, Midshipman Nellie. Tell him all about it, Nell, and then, to save your blushes, I will tell him that I love an officer on board the Sea Hawk, Bancroft Edmunds by name—love him because he killed Paul Melville; but, go on, Nell, and tell the captain," said the delighted

In as few words as possible, Pretty Nellie told Rafael all, and she could not but notice how he was roused when she mentioned Mabel as the originator of the bold plot, and the authority that Inez Revilla had taken upon herself.

"Three nobler women never lived than are you three, and, if I do not prove myself worthy of your friendship, may I perish at my first wrong act," said Rafael, impressively. 'That is what I say, captain. Now I will tell i something of this little girl," and Roy poolbridge made known the secret of Nellie's

life, and his love for her. "Forgive me, Nellie, for once having wronged you in thought. Now, Woodbridge, I intend returning to the island, get my father, if he will go, and sail for the States, where I intend to settle down to an honorable life, for I have some money that I never won under the Red Anchor have nough to sympost me and you and Nelling.

g—enough to support me, and you and Nel-and your mother, too, Nellie, if she will go th us. What say you?" "The very thing, captain! but I have already told you of my life, and yet I have not told you that I can now return to my home in honor, for I have lately received letters from there. "I live on the Virginia coast, and you can buy a farm next my own, or live with us. Say

"I will go with you. We will take the Now let us go on deck and see if we can discover the little craft coming astern, for I should feel very sorry if harm befell Morton, Salvador and

"They will soon be along. Sail ho!" sung out Roy Woodbridge as he reached the deck. Far astern was visible a sail, and in a short while Rafael pronounced it to be the and a cheer burst from the crew of the who seemed wild with joy at the release of their

Rapidly the swift carera overhauled the lugger, and after a quick run the two vessels ran into the island harbor, not a cable's length

As they landed the islanders met them with shouts of delight; but Mad Maud was not among them, nor was the old chief.

"Where is my mother?" asked Nellie, faintly.

for you to show your madness," said Rafael, sternly.

"Rafael Mordaunt, I am not mad. I was mad, oh, yes; but the fire has gone from my brain, and I am now sane, and I tell you the truth—that man was my husband and I am your mother."

"Rafael Mordaunt, I am not mad. I was mad, oh, yes; but the fire has gone from my brain, and I am now sane, and I tell you the truth—that man was my husband and I am your mother."

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rother than was my husband and 1 am your mother."

Rafael gazed upon her in silence: could he believe what he heard?

Since his fourth year he had never seen his mother—he had been told that she was dead—cruelly murdered—could this be she?

"Do you tell the truth?" he gasped, at last, while Nellie, pale and trembling, stood by.

"So help me God, yes! Listen, Rafael, and you shall judge.

"Twenty-five years ago I married the man who lies dead before us. It was far away from here—in a Northern State. He was rich, I was poor, and his riches and good looks won me from one I then loved, and to whom I was engaged.

gaged.
"We were married, this man, Rafael Mordaunt, and I—and we traveled about the world for several years—in fact, until our two children

daint, and I—and we traveled about the world for several years—in fact, until our two children were born."

"Two children?" almost whispered Rafael.

"Yes, two children—you and your sister, four years your junior; there she stands! Then we crossed the path of your father's cousin, his best friend, the one to whom I had been engaged, and the only man I ever loved.

"That meeting of Rafael Mordaunt and Walter Markham was a bitter one to me. Your father fell, dangerously wounded by the hand of Walter Markham, who shot him down mercilessly, and I, I, listen, for I hide not my own shame, fled with the man who had, I believed then, killed my husband."

"Oh, God!" groaned Rafael.

"I have had that cry on my lips ever since, boy, for never did I know joy again. Yes, we fled, and I took with me my little girl—this one here. You looked too much like your father for me to love you then, and I was infatuated with Walter Markham, then an officer of the United States navy.

"For some years he treated me well and then."

states navy.
"For some years he treated me well, and then I learned that he was engaged to be married to a Southern lady, and, accusing him of it, I swore

revenge.

"One night I went to sleep, I and Nellie here, as usual, and when we awoke we were at sea, in the cabin of a vessel, and by my bedside sat a woman and man, who had me in charge.

"They told me I was mad, and was being sent to an insane asylum in England; but I knew that I had been drugged and carried, with my child, on board that vessel.

"But I reached not England, for the vessel was taken by a pirate, and in that pirate I rec-

was taken by a pirate, and in that pirate I recognized my husband, him whom I had believed dead; but he had survived his wound, and had gone in search of Walter Markham, fitting out a vessel for the purpose, and having boarded several vessels was declared an outlaw, and thus he drifted into piracy.

"He knew me as soon as I did him and he

several vessels was declared an outlaw, and thus he drifted into piracy.

"He knew me as soon as I did him, and he swore he would kill me, but offered me life if I would swear never to tell you, or any one else, that I was his wife, your mother. To save the lives of Nellie and myself, I took the oath, and he brought me to this island to live; but never, until last night, when he was taken ill, did he speak one kind word to me in all these long years gone by; then he forgave me, Rafael—"

"And I forgive you, too, mother."

With a cry of almost frenzied joy, the poor woman sprung toward mer son, and was drawn to his heart, while Nelfie, his sister, was encircled by his other arm.

Thus stood these three, so strangely united, and the moments sped away.

At last Rafael spoke:

"Mother, I always knew my father had a bitter revenge to reap upon Captain Markham, yet I never knew the whole story, and I believed my mother to be dead. I never knew I had a sister; now we must never part."

"Rafael, my noble son, in your father's papers you will find his miniature and mine; also titles to property he holds. He bade me tell you to seek your own. He gave you his blessing in dying, and I beg you, my son, to give up this fearful life."

"Mother, my resolve is already taken. Within two hours I leave this island forever. Now

this fearful life."

"Mother, my resolve is already taken. Within two hours I leave this island forever. Now, you and my sweet, brave sister, prepare to go with me in the carera. As soon as I return, I will have my poor father buried," and affectionately embracing both his new-found mother and sister, Rafael hastily wended his way to the beach, where Roy Woodbridge informed him that a few of the islanders would sail in the lugger for other scenes, but the women and children, with the remainder of the men, except several who went in the carera, preferred ept several who went in the carera, preferred

remain on the island.
But the Sea Hawk and other vessels of war Yes, sir, I told them that; but they say they will play innocent—say they have been made captives by the buccaneers, who deserted the

captives by the buccanters, who descret the island and left them here."
"So be it. We must get away at once—as soon as I have buried my father—nay, I will give him burial in the deep sea, which he loved

Half an hour after, the carera stood out of the island basin for the last time, and at her helm was Rafael, no longer the Rover, while by his side stood his mother and sister, and Roy Woodbridge, Matt Morton and Salvador were acting as the crew of the fleet craft, that was so swiftly leaving astern the buccaneers' isle.

CHAPTER XLIV.

When it was discovered the following morning that Rafael the Rover had escaped, of course no one was to blame, for Captain Markham had not sent for the prisoner, as could be easily proven, and General Sebastian had not been at the Moro when the prisoner left, and he would not allow Inez to be censured for what she had

Furious at the escape of Rafael, Captain Markham at once put to sea, visited the buc-caneer isle, and sent in his boats; but they found there only what pretended to be a peaceful set-tlement, the captives of the pirates, who had gone, the islanders said, they knew not where. Returning to Havana, Captain Markham resigned his commission, and Bancroft Edmunds was promoted to the command of the Sea Hawk, and his old commander and his lovely daughter set sail in the brig Sunbeam, Captain Rodney, for New York; but they did not leave Havana until they attended a grand wedding, where Inez Revilla was made the Senora Edmunds, her husband being the handsome, dashing young captain of the American sloop-of-

war.

Whether it was the presence of Walter Markham on board the Sunbeam, or not, it is hard to say; but certain it is that storm after storm swept over the brig on her northward voyage, until, one dark and stormy night, she went ashore on the Virginia coast and became a complete wreck, her crew being washed into the sea, and along with them Captain Markham, who thus met his death amid storm and ruin.

But two persons were saved—and those two Captain Rodney and Mabel Markham, who had sought refuge in the cabin as the waves swept

"She is at the chief's cabin, senorita," said a buccaneer.

"And my father?" asked Rafael.

"Up at the cabin," was the answer.
Dreading evil, Rafael and Nellie walked rapidly on and soon reached the quarters of the chief.

The door was open, and just within lay a form upon a cot, while beside it knelt Mad Maud—her face pale and tear-stained.

"You have come too late; he is dead."

"Dead, Maud! My father dead?" cried Rafael, kneeling by the cot.

"Yes; he grieved so for you that he brought on hemorrhage from his wound, and it killed him—your father and my husband."

"Woman, what mean you? This is no time for you to show your madness," said Rafael,

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A dream of love, Be kind to each other, Come sit thee down, Comic Katee Darling, holly-tree cudt, 'em string and let

ther,
One more glass before
we're parting,
Our boyhood days,
Our fatherland,
Parody on 'to the west!'
Perhaps,
Poor little Flo, it while you're young, op de do di dum, don't have to," ave something sweet

o tell you, ave no mother, now, bet you'd like to Sparking Sarah Jane, Sweet Matilda Brown, The death of Annie Lau-

now,
n dancing mad,
n dancing mad,
n andered by the brookside,
ohn Jones,
ust look at that, just
look at this,
fathleen Mayourneen,
sille Bell,
hot

The dearn of many victory,
The fireman's victory,
The fireman's victory,
The grave of Lily Dale,
The girl I left behind me,
The home of the heart,
The old whisky jug,
The promenade elastique,

ttle Katy, or hot corn, ttle Mollie Brown, ary Aileen, y dearest heart, y love he is a saileur boy, y mother dear, ancy Lee, ancy Bell, or old pine tree, ancy sell, when the good times come again, while the gas is burning.

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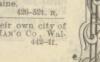
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THE WARRIOR.

BY WILLIAM BRADSHAW

Behold, beside the parden gate,
A bright-eyed cherub, lonely, stands
At eve, when Naiads contemplate
Their shining waves and golden sands,
And wood-nymphs, filled with deep surprise,
From silvan nooks in haste retire,
As Day's great king deludes their eyes,
And makes the leaves appear on fire.

The shepherd drives his fleecy charge

The shepherd drives his fleety charge Athwart the fair and verdant vale, Erstwhile, the browsing kine discharge Their udders into Mary's pail.

The feathered choir, whose sweetest notes This charming landscape heard, to-day. Refresh their little, weary throats In yonder cascade by the way.

Sweet Peace reposes over all,
And silence reassumes her sway;
The mill-wheel rests beside the wall,
The plow upon the fecund clay.
The brook's low murmur in the glen
Falls faintly on the listening ear,
Unbroken, save when in the fen
The croaking frog's low voice we hear.

But, these are all the sounds that mar
The solemn stillness of the scene,
While, here and there, a pallid star
Appears, to greet Night's coming Queen;
Whose light will cheer the gloomy land,
Whose smile shall play upon the main,
Whence, maybe, some brave, hopeful band
Shall ne'er come back to friends again.

But, what induced that little lass To go to youder garden gate,
And there, half-covered by the grass,
To stay, so patiently, so late?
Lo, through the quiet evening shade,
A hero comes, with measured tread,
And, on his shoulder, that true | lade,
With which he lays the living dead.

But, though he cuts the living down,
No human blood lies on his hands;
In murder he finds no renown,
For he but battles with his lands.
Nor, like the martial hero, he
Bends down before a regal throne,
To take the thanks of Majesty
For making wives and mothers moan.

The victor sees the little maid,
Whose ardent kisses now repay
The labors of his shining blade,
That mowed the serried ranks to-day.
And, here comes "Ginger," blind with age,
To swell the conquering hero's train!
While, be it told in Story's page,
No tears are shedding for the slain.

And, at the vine-surrounded door
His wife receives him with a smile;
Nor is the baby, on the floor,
Unmindful of "Papa" the while.
For, see! it rises and it goes
To where it thinks his words resound,
As, with its little timid toes,
It tries, anon, to grasp the ground.

Columbia! may you depend,
Forevermore, on men like this,
But never need them to defend
The right you hold to Freedom's bliss!
And, long may such brave soldiers find
In home's delight their best reward—
Their proper work, as God designed,
In cutting down the scented sward!

Tales of an Army Officer

"PASSING IN BIS CHECKS;"

On the War-path with General Crook. BY CAPT. SATTERLEE PLUMMER, U. S. A. IT was the Centennial year—the 10th of Sep-

number of soldiers, who had had the temerity to approach too near. Lieutenant Clark, Second Cavalry, and aide-de-camp to General Crook, determined to oust them; and a number of officers and men volunteered—myself among

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

Then open your gates and let me ga' free, For I canna' stay longer in Bonnie Dundee

THE very pink and flower of Scottish chivalry indeed was Roland Graham, Viscount of Dundee, who flourished during the days of Mary Queen of Scots.

A tall, well-built gentleman, just turned

rush. The Indians laid low until we were almost upon them, when they opened; two of our men were instantly killed, but we kept up firing. I glanced across the ravine at the scouts when I saw Frank White and Baptiste Furrier, with cries like a mountain lion—when wounded—rise and jump for the ravine, quicker than thought—notwithstanding the deadly fire they were under. Up rose two Indians and fired. Frank threw up his hands, and with a shout that was heard throughout the command, said:

"I'm done for; go for them, boys!" and he fell back, stone dead.

Baptiste never flinched, but jumped at one of A tall, well-built gentleman, just turned twenty-one at the time when the young French-woman landed on the shores destined to prove so fatal to her; an acknowledged leader among the young "bloods" of the gay court—gay enough, indeed, during the early part of Mary's reign, thanks to the sprightly French fashions which she introduced; and it was no wonder that the gossips of the capital looked anxiously to see what fair dame the viscount would honor with his attentions.

Frank threw up his hands, and with a shout that was heard throughout the command, said:

"I'm done for; go for them, boys!" and he fell back, stone dead.

Baptiste never flinched, but jumped at one of the Indians and raised his scalp. If I live until my hair is gray, I never shall forget the picture he made. His face expressed concentrated hatred and revenge. We continued pouring in a deadly fire on the huddled Indians, until the cry came:

"Stop, for God's sake, stop!"

Far above the din made by the carbines and revolvers could be heard the cries of women and children, and the pitiful wail of infants. Some daring officers at once jumped into the ravine and helped Baptiste hand out a number of women and children. Among the latter was a baby a few days old, whose mother was dead. It was given to one of the squaws, but she carried it beds into the ravine and helped begans to be a squaws, but she carried it beds into the ravine was given to one of the squaws, but she carried it beds into the ravine and helped begans to be a squaws, but she carried it beds into the ravine and helped begans to be a squaws, but she carried it beds into the ravine and helped begans to be a squaws, but she carried it beds into the ravine and helped begans to be a squaws, but she carried it beds into the ravine and helped begans the department of the brilliant court, so the gossips declared, the young nobleman selected.

Three brothers were there of the Maxwell clam, Robert, Alexander, the Cruel; David, the Crafty; so men characterized them.

And these three borders were there of the Maxwell clam, Robert, Alexander, the Cruel; David, the Crafty; so men characterized them.

And these three borders are the viscount would honor with his attentions.

Three brothers were there of the Maxwell clam, Robert, Alexander, the Cruel; David, the Crafty; so men characterized them.

And these three borders of the English "pale," had a sister, so soft and fair the wont and between the cries of the brilliant court, so the gossips declared, the young nob

He had previously lodged quite near the palace, in the principal street, and was always well surrounded by attendants; but now, all of a sudden, he dismissed his followers, took apartments in an obscure lane, and, in fine, separated himself entirely from his friends.

This was the very opportunity that the Max-

This was the very opportunity that the Max-

This was the very opportunity that the Maxwells sought.

At once David hunted out a leading swash-buckler and made a bargain with him.

For a certain sum in gold the fellow undertook to compass the death of the young man.

Maxwell kept his name to himself and claimed to be an Englishman, and he did not disclose the name of the victim, either, but deceived the bravo by stating that the man whose life was sought was one Michael Angertoff, a Swede, for the cunning fellow feared that the swordsman would not care to attack so eminent a man as Dundee.

Dundee,

The bravo dressed up his gang with morion and breast-plate, so that at a distance one would take them for a detachment of the night-patrol, and upon a certain night when the bells were striking twelve, Maxwell conducted the band to the old house where Dundee had taken up his

When the light in the window is extinguishwhen the light in the window is extinguished knock at the door and say that you bring a message from Margaret Maxwell; he will open the portal at once; then strike him," the plotter said, and, the instruction given, the wily wretch

stole cautiously away.

Concealed in the shadows cast by the houses the brigands waited for the extinguishment of

the light.

And while they waited the chief of the band pondered over the instructions given.

"Margaret Maxwell," he muttered; "why, that is the lady with whom the bold Dundee is in love, and what has this Swede to do with her?" The gossip of the court was familiar to him. "Has this fellow tricked me and is it Dundee himself we are to attack?"

"Hist, captain!" cried one of the ruffians, in

dee himself we are to attack?"

"Hist, captain!" cried one of the ruffians, in a surprised tone; "is it a spirit comes yonder, gliding with noiseless steps!"

And, sure enough, down the street came a dark form, moving with noiseless motion.

It wore the appearance of a woman; it glided up the steps of the old house, half-revealed a white face, wondrous in its beauty, and then glided through the door which hardly seemed to open to admit her.

"It is a spirit!" the bravo cried, "the Dark

The red banners of sunset were streaming out against a lovely opaline sky, and the soft hush that comes at the death of the day was brooding like a benediction over the lawns and terraces at Miss Dalzell's home, and Octavia, with a scarlet shawl draped artistically over her dusky hair, stood at the rustic entrance-gate to the footpath, reading a letter just brought from the village post-office.

She had confidently expected a letter from Thorn Tressel and her cheeks had paled a little with keen disappointment when she found there was none for her; then, news from her one married sister living in New York being next welcome, she had selected Mrs. Arlingville's, and stood leaning against the carved gate-post while

come, she had selected Mrs. Aringvine's, and stood leaning against the carved gate-post while she read the delightful gossip, and the urgent invitation to go to the city for a few days' final shopping and enjoyment before the wedding that was now but two weeks off.

And suddenly the determination came to Octavia to run down to the city again, despite the previous independent that it was processory.

her previous judgment that it was unnecessary.

"It will be such a charming surprise to Thorn to see me, and I do so want to see him, too!
Yes, it will be delightful, and I shall have Augusta to thank for a very great and unex-ected pleasure."

So, twenty-four hours later saw Octavia Dal-

So, twenty-four hours later saw Octavia Dalzell and Mrs. Arlingville in full sway of delightful chat and gossip over their chocolate and cream-toast, in Mrs. Arlingville's dainty little rose-hung boudoir.

"And now tell me what you think of Thorn, Augusta? You had never met him when I saw you last—tell me, isn't he handsome and grand, and good enough for a princess?"

Octavia's face was all eloquent over Mr. Tressel and her dark eyes shone with an eagerness.

octavits face was all eloquent over Mr. Tressel, and her dark eyes shone with an eagerness that somehow seemed almost cruel to Mrs. Arlingville to be obliged to dampen.

"Mr. Tressel is certainly handsome, dear—one of the finest looking men I ever saw, and very stylish and self-possessed, and a great favorite is exceiver.

octavia looked questioningly at her sister.

"There is not the hearty ring in your words I want, Augusta. Don't you like Thorn? Truly, Augusta, why do you speak so—so—doubtfully?"

Augusta, why do you speak so—so—doubt-fully?"

Mrs. Arlingville laid down her little gold spoon in the pink sevres saucer as she met Octavia's clear, frank gaze.

"Because, dear, I am a little distrustful of him. He is too fond of ladies' society for a man who expects to be married in so short a time. He flirts too much, dear, to give promise of a faithful, devoted husband. People remark his attention to Miss Conway, and even doubt his engagement at all.

A faint surprise of pain came into Octavia's

angagement at all.

A faint surprise of pain came into Octavia's eyes and her lips quivered.

"Oh, Augusta, how can he be so thoughtless? for it is only thoughtlessness, I know!"

Mrs. Arlingville shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"Thoughtlessness?" Well, perhaps it is!

Suppose we go to Mrs. St. George's reception tonight and you can see for yourself. Mr. Tressel does not dream of your being in town.

Later, Octavia stood before the dressing glass, with vivid carnation tints on her cheeks, and flashing brilliance in her brown eyes as she wondered what would come to her that night—whether she should or should not prove her

whether she should or should not prove her

over's thoughtlessness.
She was very quiet at Mrs. St. George's, not She was very quiet at Mrs. St. George's, not dancing or promenading, but sitting in the retirement of a cosey corner, with Mrs. Arlingville, watching with eager eyes every newcomer who paid respects to the hostess, and at last rewarded by a sight that sent the blood receding from her cheeks—the sight of Mr. Tressel, tall, handsome and distinguished even among the handsome and distinguished men who thronged Mrs. St. George's elegant parlors—Mr. Thorn Tressel, with a petite, laughing-eyed girl on his arm to whom he was very evidently very devoted.

Mrs. Arlingville touched Octavia with her fan, Mrs. Arlingville touched Octavia with her fan, and Octavia turned a swiftly paling face mutely in answer, while great hot throbs of jealous pain seized her heart at sight of her lover, her darling, bending his head over Blanche Conway's pretty head, just as he had bowed over her—and—was he whispering in Blanche Conway's ears as he had whispered in hers?

Such a miserable, faint deathliness kept creeping on toward her heart, even after Mr. Tressel and Miss Conway had gone on into the dancing saloon, that Octavia found it impossible to remain quietly where she was.

"I want to get away from here—I shall

"I want to get away from here-I shall scream or cry—or something. I must go home, Augusta; I must get away!"
And Mrs. Arlingville's lovely eyes were full of pity that it had been so ordered that Thorn

of pty that it had been so ordered that Thorn Tressel's hand was the master one who could so change the current of Octavia's life river.

"Poor dear—do you really love him so well? Somehow I had thought—I had hoped—"
She whispered it as she and Octavia were standing in one of the dressing-rooms, putting on their wraps, and Octavia turned her dark eyes, all aflash, on her.

"Augusta! Was I not to be his—"
And just that instant two girls came laughing

"Augusta! Was I not to be his—" And just that instant two girls came laughing

and chatting into the adjoining dressing-room—one of whom thrust out a dainty cream-kid-ded hand to her companion. "Fasten my glove, there's a darling, Lu! And then arrange these heavenly flowers in my hair—Mr. Tressel begged me to wear them the rest of the evening."

"Lu" laughed as she obeyed the little beauty's requests.

"Blanche, do you know you are flirting most outrageously to-night? I do declare I shall begin to reverse my decision and admit that after all Mr. Tressel is still in the market and desir-

all Mr. Tressel is still in the market and desirous of being captured by you."

Miss Conway's light, joyous laugh sent every drop of blood curdling through Octavia's veins.

"In the market! Of course he's in the market! It's all the most silly nonsense this talk of his being engaged to some one up in the country. Why, he talks to me as no gentleman would dare talk unless he meditated a speedy proposal—depend on it. Lu, my dear, if you intend to be first bridemaid at my wedding to Mr. Tressel you'd better be thinking about getting ready. Thanks; the flowers look lovely. Shall we go down now? Mr. Tressel assured me he would die of impatience if I was not back immediately."

And, when the young ladies had gone down the stairs, Octavia deliberately stepped to the balusters and looked over to see Thorn Tressel meet Miss Conway with a smile and a whispered word that proved to her the girl was justified

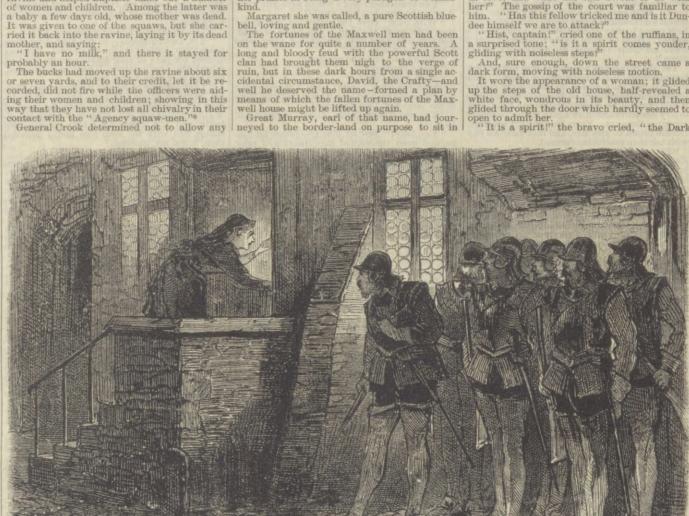
Then, very quietly, she and Mrs. Arlingville took their leave, leaving behind her forever the bright, sweet dreams from which she had been so rudely, so pitifully, so mercifully awakened. While on the morrow came the dispelling of the delightful delusions—delusions he had never dreamed would prove as such, but which he knew were only his honest deserts, when, in a curt, cold note, Octavia Dalzell told him she thought Miss Blanche Conway a far preferable match for him, but that, whether or each hor spirity and the woung lady agreed she not her opinion and the young lady's agreed, she must withdraw from her engagement with him

for obvious reasons.

Nor did all Mr. Tressel's subsequent efforts prove the least successful in bridging the chasm his own hands had made. When he wrote, October 1985 and 1985 and 1985 are the subsequent of the control of the cont tavia returned his letters unopened. When he called at Mrs. Arlingville's she refused to see him. When he followed her to her home, she

ing and devotion, and the loss of freedom. By George, it's a deuced nuisance, though, and if it wasn't for the horrible condition of my exchequer, I'm not sure I wouldn't cut it yet! But there's a month, yes, six weeks yet—thank fortune I've that reprieve before I bid good-by to single-blessedness—and I'll cram all the enjoyment I can into it, or it'll be because Blanche Conway has forgotten how to flirt."

And so, he had to give it up—the wealth, the luxury, the position she would so generously have given him, and he is still on the qui vive for a woman who can make it worth his while to marry, while Blanche Conway, the only one he ever really cared much for, laughs in his face at his awkward dilemma, since Mrs. Arlingville was not at all averse to publishing his contemptible shortcomings.



"Hist, captain!" cried one of the ruffians, "is it a spirit comes yonder, gliding with noiseless steps?"

It was the Centennial year—the 10th of September—that General Crook's command was on its way to the Black Hills. Captain Mills's Third Cavalry had gone ahead, to buy rations, at the first settlement, and bring them out to us. We were without food of any kind, and had been in this condition for days.

During the march horses were killed and butchered by the men, who were in a starving condition, and on our arrival in camp, that night, Lieutenant Clark, Second Cavalry, made an issue of horse-meat to the command, the first issue of the kind ever made in the United States

issue of the kind ever made in the United States I did not partake of this kind of food until

the next day; there was something repulsive to me in eating our poor broken-down horses, who had carried us for so many weary miles, and by association in our hardships gained our love; and as the next issue was Indian pony meat, the present was represented for which Lowers. essity never existed, for which I am very thankful.

thankful.

General Merritt, of the Fifth Cavalry, in my presence said: "That no horse was to be shot; that if a horse broke down you were to give him a chance, by leaving him near water."

Somebody said: "But, general, the Indians

I do not care; they deserve a chance; life is as dear to them as to us."

I thought at the time that it spoke well for his humanity, for he who is not thoughtful in regard to the dumb animals confided to his care, and who neglects them, should be severely pun-

ished for such neglect, and no punishment can be severe enough. Pony meat is excellent— that is, colt; and Captain Rodgers, who was for-tunate enough to have some antelope steak, mixed it with pony, and could not tell the difrence. Shortly after leaving camp on the morning

of the 11th, an order was passed back to "fall out" weak horses who could not make a forced march of twenty miles, and gradually the news came along the column:
"Mills has had a fight, and sent for reinforce-

ments and ammunition."

This news put life into the whole command, and no one wanted to "fall out," and many a bloody flank that day told how our men got through; for the ground, soaked with the con-tinual rain we had had, was fearful for a forced tinual ram we had had, was rearful for a forced march; horses sinking to their fetlocks, as they did at every step. It was while we were plow-ing along through the mud that I saw Frank White, the scout, on my left and quite near,

"Oh! Chips! you will never get through, on that horse, in time to take a hand!" For Frank White, or "Buffalo Chips," as we called him, was mounted on the sorriest-looking beast I ever saw. He answered me—and from what happened afterward, his answer was

impressed upon my mind—

"I'll be there in plenty of time to get my fill.
I say, Cap, have you a small-size chew, about

Only some dried sage; will that do?" "No. I'm obleeged."

That was the last I beheld of White, until I saw him receive his death-shot. But, to con-

mills had indeed had a fight. With great good luck he had come across the village of "Roman Nose," containing over forty lodges, and captured it, together with a large herd of ponies. He lost a number killed and wounded. Among the latter was the gallant Lieutenant Von Luettwitz, Third United States Cavalry, who lost his leg, and the sufferings of this officer must have been something fearful, for we were obliged to carry him, on a travois, for nearly a hundred miles. As the head of our column reached the village sharp picket fixing was greated. reached the village sharp picket-firing was go

ing on.
The Indians in the village were unusually rich; they had a full supply of everything for winter, buffalo-meat in profusion, robes in every state of being tanned, antelope and elk hides, dried berries, plums, and everything the heart could wish for—that is, the Indian heart.

Here we found a guidon of the Seventh Cav-

alry, and a corn-sack marked Fort Buford, showing that these Indians were in Custer's fight, as well as being among those who captured the grain from Terry, at the mouth of Powder river. in it—some Indians had taken refuge, their number unknown, and they had wounded a help it, because it was a disease with him.

more firing on the ravine, but to take the Indians prisoners if possible; and if not, to burn them out, for already the casualties on our side were equal to the number of Indians in the ra-

Frank White with the scouts had crept around

Frank White with the scouts had crept around the ravine, and gained a position in close proximity to the Indians; and as the bank they were on was higher than the one we were advancing to, had nearly a view of the Indians, and they had succeeded in keeping down their fire. We hailed Frank, and told him, and the others, to keep up as steady a fire as they could to protect our advance; and then we went for it at a rush. The Indians laid low until we were almost upon them, when they opened; two of our

vine.

To this end he bad a guard stretched outside of the line of fire and sent one of the squaws into the ravine to summon the Indians to surround to inform them that they would be

burned out if they did not.

After considerable time elapsing in parleying, After considerable time elapsing in parleying, they came out and delivered up their arms. One of them, American Horse, was badly wounded and died that night. On entering the ravine a sad sight met our gaze. A number of Indians were weltering in blood, among them two squaws. One of the latter I am certain must have been killed in the charge of the morning, and had been used as a breast-work, for she was so rallid as to give rise to the cry. "A white pallid as to give rise to the cry, "A white

Her sex was soon discovered, and pity took the place of the revengeful feelings aroused by

General Crook ascertained from the prisoners that Crazy Horse, with over three hundred lodges, was about twenty miles from us, but owing to the want of rations and the condition of our horses it was impossible to make any de-monstration against him, and even if we had, the chances are we would have been worsted in

the afternoon about four o'clock Crazy Horse and his warriors, to the number of about Horse and his warriors, to the number of about five hundred, made an attack on us. Our camp was surrounded on three sides by bluffs, capped by small cedar trees, and the Indians came down them with their usual yells, driving in our

1 expect they thought we were only a small party, and hoped to get our stock; it must have been a surprise to them to be confronted as they were, in a few moments, by nearly two thousand

men in skirmish line. The company herds were at once driven into the bed of Owl Creek to prevent a stampede. The main attack was on Colonel Mason's front,

and extended nearly around the camp; skirmishing was general, and the Indians were driven back from ridge to ridge, until night fell and put an end to the fighting.

Rations we had to have; so, after entirely destroying the village, and burying our own dead under the burnt lodges, so our red brothers could that then the crafty one of the brothers, whose wits had planned the bringing of the girl to the court, set his brains to work to contrive some scheme whereby they might reach the end

* White men who marry squaws.

THE CALIFORNIA MISER.—Michael Reese, the deceased miser of San Francisco, was a slave-trader at one period of his career. The wealth amassed by him amounted to seven or eight mil-The Indians in the village were unusually rich; they had a full supply of everything for winter, buffalo-meat in profusion, robes in every tate of being tanned, antelope and elk hides, tried berries, plums, and everything the heart could wish for—that is, the Indian heart.

Here we found a guidon of the Seventh Cavalry, and a corn-sack marked Fort Buford, showing that these Indians were in Custer's light, as well as being among those who captured the grain from Terry, at the mouth of Powder river.

In a ravine close to the village—you might say in it—some Indians had taken refuge, their He made a dozen fortunes in his lifetime

judgment, and with the strong

rival clans, Maxwell and Scott.

And at the Maxwell tower great Murray had seen the pretty Margaret—had seen and fancied the fresh young beauty, and solely on her account he had dealt lightly with the transgressions of the Maxwell men who, by the evidence of impartial witnesses, were proved to be the of impartial witnesses, were proved to be the aggressors upon the opposite faction, nine times

The chiefs of Scott grumbled and denounced the decisions of Murray, for they had calculated that he would hold the scales of justice with an even hand: but when he adjudged that both were equally to blame, and threatened the power of the crown's strong arm upon the first one to renew the quarrel, they cried out against the injustice of the decision and withdrew in

But they little dreamed why Murray had so

In their side of the scales sat justice, but on the Maxwell side the blooming beauty easily outweighed the blind goddess. Crafty David resolved to make the best use of the fortunate tide We must to Holyrood!" he cried, to one of

his brothers, "and Maggie must go along with us; she has taken Murray's eye, and as she thrives so will we. Her soft lips shall win for thrives so will we. Her soft lips shall win for us what our hard hands have lost."
And so away at once to Holyrood they went.
Murray was delighted, for this old, stern soldier had yet a taste for a fair and blooming girl; but as many an ancient sage has declared, "all things go estray when a woman rules the hour," the flower of Maxwell house turned her back on the great earl and fell desperately in love with gay young Dundee.

love with gay young Dundee.
Great was the wrath of the brothers, and loudly and earnestly they remonstrated with the wayward girl.

Persuasion was in vain, and so they tried threats; but, woman though she was, the girl soon let them see that the Maxwell blood in her veins was quite as good as the red current that flowed in theirs.
"Either Dundee or death!" she cried, de-

some scheme whereby they might reach the end they sought.
"Dundee is but man," he said, "and man is but mortal. Were Dundee dead then our sister would be glad to accept the great earl."
The two other brothers swore roundly that the idea was a good one and that the quicker

the idea was a good one, and that the quicker they laid in wait for Dundee and gave him his pass to the other world the better.

But here again the crafty wits of the younger brother came in play.
"It will not do to assault Dundee openly; nor must we be known in the matter at all. We are not now on the border land. A single stroke aimed at Dundee, here, almost within the shadow of the throne, would cost all of us our lives. No, Dundee must fall and we not privy to the deed."

This was a matter easily arranged. The capital was full of idle, gallant "gentle-nen" who followed the sword for a fortune, and who were quite ready to cut anybody's throat provided the service was well paid for. The brothers set a close watch upon the young lover, and just about that time Dundee took a step which seemed to deliver him into the hands

house, and its appearance presages death. I know the legend well. It is bold Dundee whom we must strike!" The lights were extinguished suddenly. The bravos waited a few minutes and then they advanced and knocked at the door; no answer

Lady of Dundee, the phantom of the Graham

came; they knocked again and again and at last, eager for the fray, broke in the door.
The house was empty; no living soul within.
The lovers were far away, for the old man-

sion had but served as a meeting-place for Dun-dee and his sweetheart. The night of the assas-sination was the night of their flight. The spirit form was Margaret Maxwell fleeing to her lover's arms; horses waited at the rear of the house and the lovers had fled at once.

For once the Dark Lady had brought joy and proture to Dunder

Seeing and Believing.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

OCTAVIA DALZELL sat inside the heavy amber velvet curtains that draped the big bay window off from the elegant drawing-room, making the most cosey little spot imaginable, with its vines and blooming flowers, its two or three statues, its two silken easy-chairs.

One minute before she had kissed Thorn Tressel good-by for six weeks—handsome Thorn Tressel, with eyes blue as a forget-me-not, that had a trick of making silent, passionate love when they looked into a pretty woman's eyes, with his heavy golden mustache shading a mouth whose smile was faultless, with his close-curling hair—oh, such a grand-looking fellow he was that now, as he rode toward the village depot, with one of Miss Dalzell's grooms at a respectful distance, Octavia's heart was giving great bounds of ecstasy as she watched him, and thought, that when he came again, six weeks later, when the blossoms would be falling in showers over the fresh young grass, it would be to claim her for his bride.

"My love, my darling, my Thorn!" "My love, my darling, my Thorn!"
Her lovely dark eyes were tender with the womanly devotion of her heart—the heart she

had given so freely, despite her reserve, her haughty pride, when Thorn Tressel had sued.

For she loved him so truly, so proudly that it seemed to her a very little thing to give him her own true sweet self with the seventy thousand dollars and the magnificent estate of which she was owner where she lived a sort of ideliced.

was owner, where she lived a sort of idolized young queen by her friends and servants.

And Mr. Thorn Tressel? Galloping along to the depot at the end of his five days' visit, his handsome face wore a look of mingled triumph and relief Thank God, so much of it's over! To be sure, it's remarkably delightful to fall into such a well-feathered nest and realize that a fellow

has secured a life free from debts and duns, all very delightful, and I appreciate it vastly—if it wasn't such a deuce of a bore—this love-making and devotion, and the loss of freedom. By George, it's a deuced nuisance, though, and if it wasn't for the horrible condition of my exchequer, I'm not sure I wouldn't cut it yet! But